The Professor in Children's Literature

Melissa M. Terras

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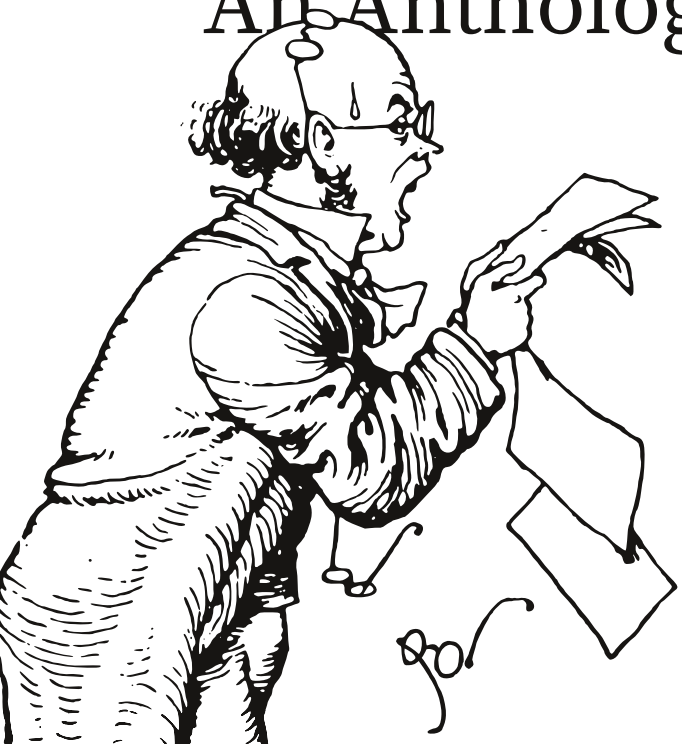
An Anthology



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For the librarians, digitisation professionals, funders, organisations, institutions, and volunteers who connected me with these texts.

– Melissa

Frontispiece: Professor Branestawm buried by his books. Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

Contents

Introduction

This anthology is published alongside the monograph *Picture-Book Professors: Academia and Children's Literature* (Terras 2018), which is freely available for anyone to read in open access from Cambridge University Press. Although professors feature in many popular and enduring works of children's literature (from *The Water Babies* to *Harry Potter*), their role has been so far unexamined. Containing an analysis of the representation of fictional academics, *Picture-Book Professors* concentrates on illustrated texts marketed to a young audience, to understand what we are teaching our children about higher education, universities, and intellectual achievement. Academics are routinely illustrated as old, white, scientific men, with unruly hair, called Professor SomethingDumb, who are either baffled and ineffectual, or evil and destructive. *Picture-Book Professors* demonstrates how this trope emerged, and places it within the wider societal context of prevalent attitudes to women, ethnic minorities, and experts, while holding a mirror up to the real-life academy, which itself has enduring diversity issues. Investigating one trope in children's literature indicates societal biases which prevail throughout many types of texts, and which are both mocked and reinforced by the historical literary canon.

An overarching analysis of this sort can only refer to a certain number of texts in detail, and feature a limited number of illustrations. The idea for a companion anthology came from a friend who provided comments on an early draft of *Picture-Book Professors*: Lesley Pitman, then Librarian of UCL School of Slavonic and East European Studies Library. Why don't you gather all the out of copyright material in one place, for people to read? she suggested. I listened, and began to gather sources. The excerpts featured here are twenty-six of my favourite from fifty or so out of copyright books that feature an illustrated professor within my corpus (where copyright, and right to use, could be clearly identified). Each is given a brief introduction as explanation, to provide the reader contextual information regarding the featured professor and the wider publishing and social environment.

The vagaries of international copyright legislation mean that the texts featured here were published between 1871 and 1933. This was of course at a time when the wider education and university sectors were becoming established and rapidly expanding. As a result, many of the texts featured here reflect societal concerns regarding science, expertise, and these new places of learning. In addition, there is often a crossover between the professor of the school classroom (particularly in American texts, given the slightly different usage of the word in American English) and the professor of the higher education lecture theatre or laboratory. However, the distinction between the two is not often clear cut (see for example *Professor Pin*, Lee 1899) and for this reason this anthology has not excluded representations of the schoolroom where advanced learning is involved.

Interesting themes arise from these excerpts, short stories, chapters, cartoons, and poems. Firstly, that having 'had enough of experts'

is not a modern phenomenon: many of the professors here are ineffectual, baffled, and ridiculed, from Professor Ptthmllnsprts in *The Water Babies, A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby* (Kingsley 1863); to The Professor, and The Other Professor, in *Sylvie and Bruno* (Carroll 1889) and *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (1893); The Professor, in *The Forgetful Forgetmenot* (Herford 1893); Professor Muddlehed, in *The Professor and the Patagonian Giant* (Jenks 1894); and Professor Bumphead, in *The Fairies' Annual* (Johns 1905). We see professors and academics presented as conceited know-it-alls with very little self-awareness, such as Professor Chipmunk, in 'Professor Chipmunk's Surprising Adventure' (Jenks 1894), and Professor Wogglebug, in *The Emerald City of Oz* (Baum 1910). There is style and power demonstrated, with Professor Leo Fortissimo, in *St Nicholas* (Wheelan 1896), and scientific endeavours are held in awe in 'The Curious History of a Message' (Stockton 1888) (although I'm not sure 'dead bird as electronic storage device' would ever have caught on). In *Professor Johnny* (JAK 1887) we see a child named Professor because he is so bookish and wise: however, these are rare positive connotations, with the take-home message in the majority of the texts being that academics really are quite worthless, or at the very least, are eccentric and useless. A personal favourite of mine is The Learned Professor, in *Pussies and Puppies* (Wain 1899), which is an illustration that comes out of nowhere, with no other explanation, showing how four-eyed and nepotistic university professors are. It may also be a comment on inherited characteristics, which was a hot topic of the time.

Another theme echoing through the anthology is the professor as conjuror, magician, performer, and fraudster, which of course follows the long history of Punch and Judy men, who were known as professors long before the rise of the university sector in the 19th

century, carrying into music hall 'professors' (this is covered in more detail in *Picture-Book Professors*, and is still a live theme in children's books produced today). The earliest example, Professor Wolley Cobble, in *Walk Up! Walk Up!* (1872), is a device used to introduce German illustrations to an English-speaking audience. This theme veers into a depiction of madness with The Professor, in *Tom Sawyer Abroad* (Twain 1894), and carries into the 20th century with the magician-conman Professor De Lara, in *The Twopenny Spell* (Nesbit 1905). The showman is mixed with an actual college expert in Professor Wogglebug, in *The Emerald City of Oz* (Baum 1910).

Where subject matter is clear, the predominant interest of the fictional academics in this anthology is science: from chemistry in *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (1893) to botany in *The Forgetful Forget-menot* (Herford 1893), natural history in *The Boys of Clovernook* (Beal et al. 1896), invention and engineering in *The Incredible Adventures of Professor Branestawm* (Hunter 1933). 'The Brownies in the Academy' (Cox 1890) demonstrates a rare exploration of the physical estate of a college, concentrating solely on the scientific equipment within. The predominance of science in representation of academics is covered more fully in *Picture-Book Professors*. Perhaps more surprisingly, there are no examples in this collection of scientists who are evil or destructive: however, the image of the mad scientist who wants to destroy the world is very much a product of postwar society as popular culture grappled with the rise of and resulting destruction caused by the atomic age (see Haynes 1994 for a full discussion of this shift in representation). The copyright frameworks in place for reuse generally allow inclusion of texts only from a pre-nuclear publishing environment.

It is apt that this anthology finishes at the point where the pro-

fessor in children's literature crystalizes into a publishing phenomenon which set the tone for representation of academics within 20th and 21st century children's literature: Professor Branestawm, in *The Incredible Adventures of Professor Branestawm* (Hunter 1933). Branestawm remains the archetype of the baffled inventor and engineering genius, working on creations that are not entirely useful, resulting in mishaps and slapstick adventures, aided and abetted by his housekeeper Mrs Flittersnoop. Many of the subsequent academics that feature in *Picture-Book Professor's* census follow this model.

There are no women in positions of academic power in the texts presented here: few women throughout the world, and very few in the UK and American university systems, were allowed to fully partake in academic—or wider professional—life during the period which these books cover. The relationship of professors in children's literature to the history of academia, and the question how closely or imaginatively texts written for a childhood audience should replicate real world structures is tackled in *Picture-Book Professors*.

There *are* women in the texts, such as Old Dorothy, the maid in *The Professor's Merry Christmas* (Clark 1871), the wife narrator in the *The Boys of Clovernook* (Beal et al. 1896), and Mrs Flittersnoop the housekeeper in *The Incredible Adventures of Professor Branestawm* (Hunter 1933). There is a glimpse of a younger, more daring generation of privileged women in 'The Curious History of a Message' (Stockton 1888), and an attempt to rewrite the male view of history in *The Princess of Hearts* (Braine 1899), but for the most part, the women in the texts are subservient, economically dependent, and minor, two-dimensional characters. This, of course, is a trope that appears throughout the majority of children's fiction (discussed more fully in *Picture-Book Professors*).

The editorial position adopted throughout this anthology is to leave the texts unchanged, so that the terminology used at the time—now understood to be colonialist, racist and sexist—is included in this volume (although clearly flagged in the introductory paragraphs should anyone want to read these stories to today's children). There are a few excerpts which directly discuss race: the awful caricature of Professor Gin Sling, in *Rollo's Journey to Cambridge* (Wheelwright et al. 1880), the truly distateful ditty sung to Professor Kroks, in *Bugville Life for Big and Little Folk* (Dirks and Munkittrick 1902), and the more nuanced but still problematic Professor Jim Crow, in *Little Jack Rabbit's Adventures* (Cory 1921a), *Little Jack Rabbit and the Squirrel Brothers* (Cory 1921b), *Little Jack Rabbit and Danny Fox* (Cory 1921c), and *Little Jack Rabbit and Professor Crow* (Cory 1922). Aside from these, though, language that we should now find (and understand to be) objectionable is peppered throughout many of the stories, and while it would be all too easy to discount them as being 'of their time', these still contribute to the canon of literature quite commonly available to today's children. Tread carefully.

It is of course the wealth of digitised content which has allowed this anthology to be brought together, and it is therefore a product of a particular time: even a few years ago, drawing together an edited volume from mostly openly licenced digitised resources would have been unthinkable. Care has been taken to credit both the source of the original item, the source of the digitised content (which is not always where the original is held), and the funder (where known) of the digitisation of the codex. Doing so reveals a complex network of libraries, archives, and universities who are interacting with The Internet Archive and Hathi Trust, as well as providing content themselves, who have relied on a raft of both charitable and commercial

funding, as well as contributing their own resources, to provide texts in digital format. In this collection, content that has been made freely available online is combined with items licenced from commercial digitisation providers, digitised on demand, or digitised at home (with physical copies of texts sourced from the likes of Abe Books, Amazon, or eBay). It may indeed be 'old wine in new bottles', but the finding, choosing, creating, editing and licencing of the content featured here is an act of curation that can only exist by building upon digital content that existed previously, allowing me to discover and in places reuse it, and easy access to digitisation equipment, that allowed me to digitise out-of-copyright content myself. It should also be noted that although many digitised books were available on the Internet Archive or Hathi Trust websites, the machine-processable text created via Optical Character Recognition (OCR) made available on these sites required close editing to remove errors introduced into the text from the digitisation process. As such, compiling such a compendium is not as simple as copy and pasting content, and full credit is given for both the source of the text and images throughout.

Picture-Book Professors itself contains a lengthy list of acknowledgements for the whole project, indebted as I am to other academic colleagues, librarians, archivists, friends, and family as I carried out an analysis of academia within children's books. Here, particularly for this companion anthology, I would like to thank: Lesley Pitman for her idea; Samantha Rayner and Rebecca Lyons from UCL Department of Information Studies, who supported the idea of this companion to *Picture-Book Professors*; Susan Greenberg from the University of Roehampton's Department of English and Creative Writing, and publisher of Fincham Press, for believing in this volume, and Rudolf Ammann for his care and assistance in taking this from manuscript to

polished, well-designed product; Juulia Ahvensalmi who helped me with copyright queries, the transcription of some of the texts for inclusion in this volume, and proofreading; Jin Gao who advised on the Chinese text in *Rollo's Journey to Cambridge*; Olga Loboda who consulted remote material for me to check detail; James Baker for his expertise on book illustration; Suzan Alteri and Terry Philips from the Baldwin Library of Historical Children's Literature, Special and Area Studies Collections, George A. Smathers Libraries, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida; Matthew Neill from the National Fairground and Circus Archive, University of Sheffield; Grant Young and Domniki Papadimitriou from Cambridge University Library; Chris Rawlings from the the British Library; Andrew Ostler, who was my glamorous assistant on home digitisation projects; and the various other librarians and digitisation professionals—some of whom are unknown and cannot be credited by name—who created the digitised content I navigated on the likes of the Internet Archive, Hathi Trust, and Baldwin Library websites. In addition, there is content included from Wikimedia and Project Gutenberg, although in the latter, the licencing precludes identifying it as the source of excerpted texts. The resources created by the voluntary work of contributors and editors made available on these platforms was incredibly useful throughout this project. Full credit is given where possible, and this compendium is a testament to a growing information environment in which openly licenced digitised texts can be accessed, reused, repurposed, and hopefully enjoyed by a wider audience. A donation was given to the Internet Archive, Project Gutenberg, and Wikipedia, given the use made of their resources in this anthology, and fees were paid to the Baldwin Library for access to high-resolution digitised files, the National Fairground and Circus Archive, and the British Library to licence an

image for use, and Cambridge University Library to digitise an item on demand.

Picture-Book Professors was written while on sabbatical from UCL in spring and summer of 2017: this anthology was edited while starting a new role at the University of Edinburgh in winter of the same year, and pieced together into the start of 2018. I thank both institutions for their support and access to resources. Fincham Press, and in particular Rudolf Ammann, helped to develop this text into the published version over the summer of 2018.

Final thanks go to my husband, Os, and my children, Anthony, Edward, and Fergusson, without whom I would never have embarked on either *Picture-Book Professors,* or this companion anthology. Discovering these texts with you has been an education.

Edinburgh, September 2018

Chapter 1

The Professor, in Mary Senior Clark's *The Professor's Merry Christmas* (1871)

Mary Senior Clark was a writer of Victorian morality tales for children. In this story, an unabashed evangelical reframing of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* (1843), the professor is a teacher and a scholar; a man of science and logic who has no faith, until, on the eve of Christmas, an angel guides him to experience the deep and sincere religious commitment of those around him, causing his spiritual awakening. The story comments on class and access to education, and in this we can see that the trope of the wise old childless scholar, who interacts with innocents around him, is already formed.

The publisher, The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, is the oldest Anglican mission organisation and one of the oldest publishing houses in the UK, and is still a leading publisher of Christian literature. During the 18th and 19th centuries it founded and maintained schools for poor children, and this short story is one of the many publications it produced to promote Christianity.

It was near Christmas time, and the frosty street rang under the tread of the busy passers-by, who hurried to and fro, now and then shouting a "Merry Christmas" from one to another. The shops had been dressed in their Christmas finery; even the little ironmonger's shop at the corner had its shiniest tin and brightest brass in the window, flashing in the gaslight, with sprigs of laurel between.

But in the upstairs parlour of that same house, there were no signs of Christmas gaiety. It was rented by a lodger, a quiet, elderly man, whom everybody called the Professor, perhaps because he gained his living by teaching. His was not an idle life, nor an easy one, and even now, though night was come, he was still at work, looking over a heap of blotted exercises. It was the last day of the half-year, tomorrow the holidays would begin; but the Professor did not look as if he could be glad, even of that.

Old Dorothy, the maid, was in the room clearing away the tea-things, and she paused every now and then in her work as though she had something to say and was not quite sure whether the Professor would like her to say it. At last, when there was no further excuse for her to stay in the room, she paused with the door-handle in her hand and said:–

"Please, sir, I have had no orders for the butcher to-morrow."

The Professor looked up. "Butcher?" he said. "There's the cold mutton."

"Yes, sir," said Dorothy, "but the day after to-morrow is Christmas Day, and I was thinking —"

"Won't it last till then?"

"Yes, sir; but I thought you would be having a bit of something hot, to keep Christmas."

"Well, you thought wrong."

"And then the pudding is not ordered," boldly continued Dorothy, giving up the hot meat as a bad job. "A bit of suet, and a few raisins, and a handful of flour: it won't be much you will want —"

"I shall not want any," said the Professor. "I do not keep Christmas — don't see the use. Merry Christmas, indeed!" he added, as a voice in the street shouted the joyful greeting.

"The newspaper boy has been here already wishing it to you, sir," said Dorothy, "and hopes you won't forget him."

"I never saw him that I know of," replied the Professor. "I suppose that means that he wants a Christmas-box."

"That's it, sir," said Dorothy; "and the grocer's boy too — "

"There now," exclaimed the Professor, "and you expect me to call it a merry time. A time for paying bills and for making presents to people, for no reason that I can see except that they ask for them, that is what it is. I wish people would only let me alone; I don't trouble them." And the Professor went back to his papers, and Dorothy with a sigh closed the door and went downstairs.

But the Professor could not fix his mind on his work again. "Merry Christmas!" he repeated to himself. "*I* never found it so. I wonder why they go on calling it so, year after year. I see trouble in plenty round me, and care and uncertainty, and death waiting to end it all, and how can anyone but a fool go on keeping his Merry Christmas!"

He had spoken the last words half aloud as he laid down his pen, and he was going on, but for a strange feeling that came over him that he was not alone. Nobody had come into the room, yet there was some one there. What was it? A spirit? An angel? It was a being whom the Professor rather felt than saw, and his words died on his lips. "Is it death coming?" he thought.

"Nay, rather a better life," was breathed in his ear. "Come, and find

an answer to thy words."

It was not far that the angel, if such he were, was sent to take him, nor to any strange scene. The two went only to the downstairs back parlour, where the ironmonger's family were sitting. The mother was busy with some household mending, her eldest daughter was wrapping up one or two little parcels of Christmas gifts, and writing below the address on each, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas." Rosie, the second girl, was holding the string for her, and little Tom sat with a book before him, dividing his attention between it and the parcels. They took no notice of the Professor's entrance, even looking towards the spot where he and his companion stood, without seeming to see them. The Professor, observing this, felt uncomfortable.

"Mother," said Rosie, as she watched her sister's pen, "why is it Merry Christmas?"

"Ay, there it is now," thought the Professor.

"Because we get a jolly good dinner, and father has a holiday from the shop, and we are all jolly together!" spoke up little Tom, promptly.

"No, Tom," said his mother, smiling, "good dinners do not make Christmas; it would be Merry Christmas, even if we had no good dinner. Think a little, Rosie, what day is it?"

"It is Jesus' birthday," said Rosie, gravely.

"The day on which He came to make us happy," added Annie, the elder girl.

"That is the right reason," said their mother. "How glad they all were that first day; were they not, Tom?"

"Who?" said Tom, opening his eyes wide at the question.

"The angels and shepherds, in that piece you are learning to surprise father with on Christmas Day."

"Oh!" said Tom. "I suppose they were. Just hear me say it, mother.

I think I know the first part very nearly quite perfectly."

The others smiled at Tom's very-nearly-quite-perfectly, and he began that oldest and most beautiful of all Christmas stories: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field - "When he came to the angel's message his mother stopped him.

"Glad tidings of great joy, you see, Tom, which shall be to all people."

"And we are some of all people," said Rosie, "so it is 'great joy' to us too. Well, I don't wonder that people call it Merry Christmas."

"Did you ever learn that passage?" murmured his companion to the Professor.

"As a task at school," replied the Professor. "I never had a home to speak of. It is all very well for people with a happy home, like these, to talk of the coming of Jesus having made them happy. I am not happy. I have nothing to make me so."

They had left the little back parlour and were speeding rapidly through the night air. Presently they stood in a bare, poorly-furnished room, in which a sick woman, who might be about five-and-thirty, was lying in bed. A younger woman with a bonnet on sat beside her.

"Come, Bessie," she said, "you must make haste and get up your strength so as to be able to sit up and enjoy yourself a bit on Christmas Day. I am going to put by a bit of meat and pudding for you — Missis said I might — and I shall run over with it myself."

"Your mistress is very kind, and so are you, Clary," said the sick woman; "but I am thinking I shall keep my Christmas in a better place than this."

"A better place! In the grave, oh, Bessie!" cried Clary.

"The grave?" repeated the sick woman. "Why, Clary, that is no better than a heathen thought. If I am gone to the other world by that

time, as I think, you will be singing to Jesus here, but I shall be seeing Him; I shall be with Him, Clary, keeping Christmas in Heaven."

"I cannot bear to hear you talk of dying," said Clary, beginning to cry. "I should not like to die."

"Why, what is death, dear?" said Bessie. "It is just being born to a better, happier life. I don't know why anybody is afraid of dying, since Jesus came. He has made the way all straight for us, Clary. If the doctor were to send me down to the sea to get well," she went on, "would you not be glad to see me go?"

"Oh, wouldn't I!" exclaimed Clary.

"Even if I were not to come back again?"

"Well, yes, if it were to cure you."

"And does it grieve you, then, that I am going to a much better place than the seaside, where I shall be quite well? Well from sickness, and well from sorrow, and well from sin," said the sick woman. "And I shall be among friends, and the best Friend of all is there. And by-and-by you will come and join me, Clary."

Clary had stopped crying, and sat holding her sick friend's hand.

"How is it that you know all this so well, Bessie?" she said. "I know it too in a way, but I cannot feel it as you do."

"I was brought up in the country," said Bessie, "in a happy, contented home, where we all learned to put the service of God first. Any of us would as soon have thought of coming to breakfast with our hair unbrushed, as with our prayers unsaid. That keeps one right, whether for life or death, Clary. But you must not think it has been all easy. Many was the struggle I had before I could say Thy will be done, be it health or sickness, life or death. But I know that God loves me dearly. I know He is bringing all to pass for my happiness. And I think He is going to give me a very happy Christmas, Clary."

There was a pause; the sick woman was tired, and Clary felt that if she spoke she should cry again. Was it the Angel's voice at his ear, or was it his own memory repeating to the Professor some half-forgotten words? — "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." .... "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light, and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined ..... For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."

Before he could finish the passage the woman was speaking again. "Sing me one of the hymns you have practised for Christmas-day, Clary: 'Hark the Herald Angels.'"

Clary obeyed though her voice trembled.

"Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth, Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in His wings."

When she came to these lines Bessie pressed her hand. "That is the word," she said. "Second birth, not death. 'Light and life.' You will think of that, Clary, when you are singing it."

"I cannot sing it without you!" cried Clary.

"I shall be singing too, dear," said Bessie, gently. "Perhaps the angels will sing their first Christmas song, 'Glory to God,' and I shall sing it too, and you will be singing in church, and thousands more, and God will hear us all. You must not be sad, dear; you must try and make them all cheerful about you on that day. Glory to God, that comes first; peace and goodwill will follow. Oh! blessed be God, blessed be God, for all the hope and joy and peace brought to us at this blessed Christmas time!"

There was a sort of mist before the Professor's eyes, and when he looked up again they were entering another room. There was a very small fire in the grate, but the young man who sat before it looked

neither cold nor wretched. He had a bright, open face, and a cheery smile.

"Why, that is Joe!" exclaimed the Professor. "My nephew Joe, Hester's boy. Bless me, I had forgotten all about him. How the boy is grown! Why, Joe!"

But he might as well have talked to a photograph for all the notice Joe took of him. He was reading a letter, apparently from home, for he smiled and sighed over it at the same time, and turned back to read again. "A merry Christmas to me," he said, as he finished it. "Well, why not? It is not exactly cheering to have to eat one's Christmas dinner all alone at a cook-shop; but *that* does not make Christmas. A day of good tidings, that's what it is. Well, a merry Christmas to them all at home, and to everybody here too, and God bless us and bring us all to meet at a better feast above." With that Joe began to poke at his little fire as though he would poke it out, whistling a Christmas hymn.

The Professor and his guide were speeding homewards, but they stopped to pay one more visit. There was no fire at all in this room, but an old woman, with a thin, old shawl over her shoulders, sat at the table, with her Bible open before her at the very same passage that little Tom had been learning. She had nearly got to the end of it, reading slowly word by word: — "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things which they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."

"It's old Dorothy!" said the Professor, as she turned her head. But Dorothy, without hearing or heeding, knelt down to say her prayers. She began by thanking God for the good tidings she had just read, as though they were new to her that night. Then she prayed for herself, for her master and mistress and their children, for all who were in sickness or trouble, for all who were in darkness or doubt, and then

she named the Professor. Dorothy had seen that he went but seldom to a place of worship, that he was unfriendly to those he had to do with, and gloomy and dull in temper, and she rightly put him down among those who have not found the way of peace. “Show Thy blessed light to him and to all of us, good Lord,” said Dorothy.

“I did not think that people prayed for their lodgers,” whispered the Professor, turning to his guide; but lo, he was gone, and the Professor was alone again by his own fireside.

He prayed that night for himself, but it was with a sigh that he lay down. “It is a dark world though, still,” he said, “a dark world; the shadow of Death still hangs about it.”

Then, as the things that he had seen and heard that night came back to him, his thoughts seemed to take the shape of a kind of vision. He saw all the world dwelling in darkness; not complete, indeed, the dawn could be seen from the hilltops, but those who stayed in the valleys were in deep shadow. From time to time some climbed the hill, and looked towards the dawn; and one, a patriarch of noble appearance, climbed highest of all, and saw the day, and was glad. Another passed along the ridge with a harp, and sang sweetly, “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.... for in Thy light shall we see light: the Lord is my light and my salvation.” The dawn was coming fast; many even in the valleys looked up when the bright light shone forth in the east, and the shepherds listened to the angel’s song. It sounded very faint and far away to the Professor, and mingled with its notes he seemed to hear the words of Zacharias, “The Dayspring from on high hath visited us.... to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace.”

It was daylight now, and some walked in the light, rejoicing; but others lit torches of their own, that cast wild shadows, and confused

them, while many went with their eyes cast down, and would not see the light. But on the faces that were uplifted a strange glow seemed to be reflected more and more. "It is the light of His coming," cried the Professor, "His second coming! The Lord is at hand, and I am not ready to meet His appearing!" And with the terror of that thought he woke, and saw the grey winter dawn coming over the roofs of the houses.

"Thank God, there is time still," said the Professor, as he rose. He was down sooner than usual; but old Dorothy had heard him stirring, and his breakfast was ready for him. He did not so much as look at it, however, but buttoned up his gaiters and buttoned down his great-coat, and went forth. Dorothy was washing the doorstep, and looked up in astonishment, but said nothing, for the Professor was not fond of being questioned. He went straight to the lodging where he had seen his nephew the night before. Early as he was, it was not a minute too early, for Joe, who was clerk in an office, was already winding a comforter round his neck before starting off to his work. He knew his uncle at once, and greeted him as if he had been the kindest and friendliest of uncles; and the Professor laughed, and patted him on the shoulder, and asked after all at home, and behaved as unlike himself as he possibly could.

"I am very poor company," he said, "but will you come and dine with me to-morrow, Joe? It will be better, perhaps, than eating your Christmas dinner alone at the cook-shop, you know."

Joe seemed to think it would be ever so much better, and the Professor was going, but turned again to say, "You will be going to church?"

"To-morrow? Oh, yes," said Joe.

"Well, if you would not mind coming round my way, I will go with

you, and then, you know, we can come back to dinner together."

Joe shook his uncle's hand, as if he believed that the greatest possible proof of friendship was to try and shake it off, and then dashed out of the house, and ran all the way up the street, for fear he should be late at his work; which gave the Professor such a feeling of bustle that he too hurried away without the slightest possible reason, and reached home breathless. There was still something to be attended to before he could go to breakfast.

"Dorothy!"

"Sir?"

"Has the butcher's boy been here?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Then you may order a piece of beef, rather a nice little bit. The fact is, I — there is somebody coming to dinner."

This news was so astonishing, that Dorothy was for the moment struck speechless.

The Professor began again. "I suppose it is too late now to see about a pudding?"

"Bless you, sir," cried Dorothy, "I'll set about it at once, and I'll turn you out such a Christmas pudding as I should not be ashamed if the Prince of Wales was to come in to take a bit!"

And she kept her word.

In the course of the forenoon there was a tap at the Professor's door, and Annie and Rosie appeared with a bunch of holly.

"Mother thought, as you were going to have company, that you might like a bit of Christmas in the room," said Annie, timidly, for she was a good deal afraid of the Professor, and in a hurry to escape again. But he begged the girls to come in and put it up themselves, and tried to help, and could not, for they only knocked it down; and

Figure 1.1: Annie, Rosie, and the Professor. lllustrator unknown, in Clark (1871, frontispiece).

walked about looking at it after they were gone, and at last took up his hat and went out again.

He went first to the grocer's, and bought a dish of oranges, which he had put into a paper and sent to the little ironmonger's without so much as a hint of whom it came from. Then he went into a draper's to get something for Dorothy. He remembered her thin shawl, and wished he could buy her a new one; but when he had paid for his board and lodging the Professor had very little money left to spend, so he had to content himself with a wrap that he called "a sort of knitted cape-thing." He carried it home himself, and wrote on the paper in which it was wrapped, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas"; and his pen poked a hole in the paper, and he was half afraid it had blotted the wool, but dared not open it to look. Then he stole gently upstairs and put it down at Dorothy's door, and stole gently down again and listened until he heard her go by. He smiled to hear her exclamations of astonishment and delight when she found it. She had got it on when she brought in his tea, but the Professor pretended with all his might that he did not see her.

The next morning Joe called for him, and they walked to church together while the merry Christmas bells rang out. They passed all the little ironmongers going to church too, Tom walking beside his father, proud in the consciousness of having repeated his Christmas lesson as nearly as possible without even drawing breath.

The Professor saw Clary sitting among the singers. She had been crying, but yet there was a calm look of joy in her face, and he was sure he heard her voice when they struck up with

"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn!"

And so everybody had a merry Christmas.

But the happiest Christmas of all was that spent by the sick wo-

man, Clary's friend; for the angels had come to call her, and she was keeping her Christmas in the Land of Everlasting Joy.

To which God in His mercy bring us every one!

Chapter 2

Professor Wolley Cobble, in *Walk up! Walk up! And See the Fools Paradise* (1872)

If you were a publisher wishing to cash in on the growing popular cultural links between Victorian England and Germany (Davis 2007), and the popularity of 19th century German picture sheets, reprinting them for English-speaking audiences, how would you go about it? In the anonymously published volume *Walk up! Walk Up!* (1872), the London publisher John Camden Hotten adapted tales drawn by German illustrators and humourists, including Wilhelm Busch, that had featured in satirical publications such as *Münchener Bilderbogen* (Picture Sheets from Munich) around 1870 (see Busch and Arndt 1982 for an overview).

To frame this for the English market, the verses accompanying the images in the German originals are not translated. Instead, the tales are treated as being part of a street peep-show, presented by the showman Professor Wolley Cobble, who, throughout the book, provides the narratorial voice commenting on the drawings.

The text is prefixed by a reprint of a woodcut depicting a peep-show scene that, in the second quarter of the century, graced a chapter on 'Op-

tical Amusements' for up to twenty editions of a popular encyclopædia surveying the sports and pastimes available to boys (Clarke 1828, p. 199). This illustration, which differs stylistically from those in the book's main matter, may have been familiar to the reader, given the success of the encyclopædia, which was reprinted many times.

The professor comes from the Punch-and-Judy showman tradition, and has no real relationship to academia, but must have been a readily recognisable caricature of the period. Wolley Cobble is included here because the professor as showman, magician, or fraudster is an important, recurring trope within the corpus, that, in later texts, combines with the academic sense of a professor.

ON OPENING THE SHOW,

Figure 2.1: Professor Wolley Cobble plies his peep-show trade. Illustrator unknown (*Walk up!*, 1872, p. 1).

My occasional neighbour, Mr. Cobble – or, as he delights in being called, "Professor Wolley-Cobble" – always draws a good audience when he exhibits his Peep-Show in Piccadilly or in Regent Street. He is of the old school of Showmen; voluble in small talk, ever ready with answers to countrymen and others, and with a never-ending supply of Bartholomew Fair trumpet-jokes. By-the-bye it was at the Fair in Smithfield* that he got his cracked voice, which, to this hour he persists in maintaining, is "*a little fortune in itself, Sir!*"

It was whilst gazing one evening at the large oilskin picture surmounting the Professor's

ROYAL FANTOCCINI SHOW
AND
GRAND MARIONETTE DANCERS,
As Patronised by all the Courts of Europe,

that it occurred to me – "Here at last I have found the man to assist in arranging my gathering of droll pictures."

Professor Cobble called upon me a few days later, and the present book is the result of that and subsequent visits.

THE PUBLISHER.

Nov, 1871.

* *Above is a representation of the old Showman's first stand, on Clerkenwell Green, next to the man who sold "Death and the Lady," "The Seven Stages of Life," and other moral stationery. The Stationer, with a black apron and a dirty white neckcloth, used to scorn the immorality of the peep-show; and a thin, wiry gentleman in small-clothes, whom we will call Lamb, patronised both caterers, and did his best to make them good friends. Subsequently the Showman became the proprietor of a grand perambulating affair upon wheels, which was drawn by a horse in the country and by a stout Irishman in town, the man beating a big drum to draw a crowd, when he was not wanted in harness.*

Chapter 3

Professor Gin Sling, in John Tyler Wheelwright et al.'s *Rollo's Journey to Cambridge* (1880)

In this excerpt, Rollo and his cousin Thanny are taken up to Cambridge (Mass.) for the day to see if they will suit Harvard. As with most of children's literature, it is the people of the university, rather than the setting, which is important in the resulting story. Here we see Thanny get mistakenly locked up for a scholarly lifestyle of penury and hard work (which gives a disproportionate sense of punishment for locking his sister in the coal shed).

This satirical report on academic life is in turns deeply racist, sexist, classist, pejorative and colonialist, mixing and matching cultures that are deemed to be 'other', which is (hopefully) jarring to our modern sensibilities. These overtones are commonly to be found in children's literature of the period, but it would be too easy to dismiss them as 'of their time' given children today can still come across them all too frequently in these older texts.

Chapter I. Rollo at play. The cigarette.

It was a bright June morning at about half past five. Rollo and Thanny were at play in the back yard. They had an half an hour back locked little Jinny, Rollo's cousin, in the wood-shed, and had been throwing empty tomato-cans and apple-cores through the window. Jinny had not been pleased at it, but, as Thanny said, Jinny was a girl.

Now, Thanny, who was a very ingenious boy, was cutting a willow stick into whistles with Mr. Holiday's razors, while Rollo, several years his senior, was smoking a paper cigarette which he had found in his Uncle George's pocket. Mr. George smoked for a cruel nervous disease, and therefore his smoking was no precedent for a boy to follow. Rollo knew this well, and therefore felt a little guilty when he heard Mr. George's voice over the fence.

"Rollo," said Mr. George.

"Yes," answered Rollo, hiding his cigarette behind his back.

"What are you about, Rollo?" asked Mr. George.

"About fifteen," answered Rollo.

"What!" inquired Mr. George, sharply, who was always very peremptory and decisive, though always just in his treatment of Rollo.

"Bunch! Uncle George," was Rollo's reply.

"Rollo," said Mr. George, waiving the repartee, "what are you going to do to-day?"

"To try to be good; Jonas has promised to make me a jack-a-lantern in the shed after tea, if I am a good boy all day."

"I have something far better for you to do to-day Rollo," rejoined Mr. George.

Rollo was very much pleased, for Mr. George was a very thought-

ful man, who had his nephew's interest very much at heart; so Rollo clambered briskly over the fence and went into the house.

He put on his cloth cap with a leather visor and a silken tassel, and brushed his green spencer; when his toilet[1] was made, he ran down into the "settin' room," where Mr. George was reading the Encyclopaedia.

Mr. George was reading this work through, and had advanced as far as Abyssinia.

"Uncle George," cried Rollo, "I am sorry to disturb you!"

"You are very polite, Rollo. See, I put a mark in my book that I may know where I left off. If I did not do so, I should have to begin over again. I once got as far as Xerxes, and, neglecting to put in the mark, was compelled to go back to Aaron."

It was very kind and thoughtful for Mr. George to tell Rollo this.

"What is your plan for to-day?" asked Rollo.

"I am going to drive with you, Jonas, and Thanny to Cambridge. I had intended to take Jinny with me, but she is in the wood-shed and I have no authority to take her out."

"What are we to do there?" asked Rollo.

"You are to be examined for College, Rollo. You will be examined in twenty required subjects and five optional ones all at once."

"But," interrupted Rollo, "I have travelled so much that I have never been to school, and have never studied!"

"That may or may not be unfortunate," was Mr. George's reply. "As I understand it, an examination is to find out what you do not know rather than what you do. If, as you say, you know nothing, you must see the necessity of your being examined."

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[1] Toilet is a French word. It means dressing yourself so as to look as spruce as possible, using little or no soap and water

Rollo was convinced by the argument, and was glad when he heard the sound of wheels on the carriage road, and saw Jonas flicking a fly from old Dapple's flank.

"Come, Rollo," said Mr. George, putting on his dress-coat and patent-leather shoes, "I am prepared to go."

[...]

Chapter VII. Prescribed Chinese. Thanny goes it alone.

When Jonas and Thanny went to the stable to put up the horse, Jonas had been given twenty-five cents by Mr. George. He endeavored to make a trade with the stable-man for twenty cents, in order that he might keep five cents for his next Sunday-school contribution. While Jonas was dickering, Thanny slipped away.

Now Jonas had been instructed to keep his eye upon Thanny; but Thanny thought he could have a better time by himself. "I mean to play this hand alone," said he. Thanny was a badly behaved boy. He had played much with the boys about the village hotel.

So he walked on by a grave-yard and a green common to a big field. In the middle was a bare-headed stone soldier, who had got out of his stone sentry-box and was standing on the roof. This was erected to commemorate the gymnastic feats of the Harvard Rifle Corps.

Thanny kept on to an open field, where were young men, clothed in flannel, playing battledore-and-shuttlecock[2] over a net stretched

[2] [Editor's note: An early precursor of Badminton: "a game played by two persons with small rackets, called battledores, made of parchment or rows of gut stretched across wooden frames, and shuttlecocks, made of a base of some light material, like cork, with trimmed feathers fixed round the top. The object of the players is to bat the

on two poles, the points of which were fixed in the ground. Others clubbed a ball into the air for their friends to catch. The ball was stuffed; the club was also stuffed.

Thanny was not invited to join in the sport; so he walked on to a low yellow building standing by the side of the road. There were red curtains in the windows; and on the front door, in large letters which ran from the top to the bottom, was the sign:

	S			
G	L	C	E	P
I	I	H	S	R
N	N	I	E	O
	G	N		F.

He clambered up the steps and knocked at the door.

Presently the door was opened by a yellow-skinned gentleman, with eyes cut bias, and dressed in bright-colored silks. A steam came from the house that reminded Thanny of washing-day at home.

"Are the old folks to home?" asked Thanny with a pretty lisp.

女外 answered the gentleman, with a salaam.[3]

Thanny listened attentively to what his new friend said, in order to see if he could not distinguish some words that he could understand; but he could not, and he finally

shuttlecock from one to the other as many times as possible without allowing it to fall to the ground" (1911 Encyclopædia Britannica, from Wikisource 2016).]

[3] A salaam is a low kind of bow. [Editor's note: these are actual Chinese characters, but in this context they make no discernible sense, and so it is probable that they were graphically copied from a source without knowing the meaning (which would be in keeping with the imperialist attitude towards other cultures shown in the rest of the story). The character on top is 女, which usually means "female or girl"; the character at the bottom is 外, which often means "outside or foreign". Translation supplied with thanks to Jin Gao].

concluded that it sounded just as the hieroglyphics look on the fire-cracker boxes, and that it must be a Chinaman. Moreover, he had a pig-tail hanging from his head. In the room beyond, through the steam, he saw two cunning yellow Chinese children playing a curious game upon the floor. Each child alternately stuck up in the air a number of fingers; and when the numbers did not tally, the extra fingers were chopped off by the other child.

"This," said Thanny, "is better than mumblety-peg." [4]

Besides the children, they were, in the back of the room, mangling clothes.

"Yes, I will sit down, since you press me," said Thanny, seating himself upon a lacquered golden chair, fashioned like a dragon, and scratching off the gilt with his finger-nails.

"Welcome fair-faced stranger of a cold but thrice-happy North! The descendant of a thousand learned Panjandrums, with gilt buttons upon their tops, hath at last a pupil whom to instruct in the ten thousand holy books of the Yellow Dragon!"[5]

"Ain't got no washin', old Pard," said Thanny; "I wear paper collars."

"Ah! not in vain has your least-to-be-considered- of-all-mortals been immured for thirty-one years and seven moons in a dark closet with the seven thousand golden tomes of the never-too-little-to-be-deprecated Confutsee, that he might commit to his always-to-be-passed-by-in-scorn memory their always-quite-too- awfully-precious contents, that he might have the ecstasy ineffable of communicating

[4] [Editor's note: Mumblety-peg is an outdoor game played with pocket knives, in which one player throws a knife into the ground as deeply as possible, and another player has to extract it with their teeth. See Rezelman (1996) for an overview.]

[5] The gentleman made these remarks, of course, in Chinese; but we give them in English for the convenience of the dullest of our readers. *We* know Chinese.

them to the bright-faced moon-eyed children of the country of the Beautiful Banner for commercial purposes!" Saying which, he flew a kite, set off some rockets, and banged a gong.

"Go it, old Fireworks! tinky-tanky, Feast of Lanterns, Chin-chin, hi-ya!" said Thanny, putting his hands to his ears.

It was his last burst of childish glee.

The Professor took down long scrolls of rice paper, on which were written strange and disreputable characters. He piled them in a dark closet, with two dead cats, a rat, and an edible bird's nest, labelled

Figure 3.1: Professor Gin Sling communicates with Thanny. Illustration by Francis G. Atwood, in Wheelwright et al. (1880, this edition 1895, p. 16).

"tiffin." Thanny did not see the full force of these dread preparations, until the Mandarin took Thanny by the hand, and, pointing at the books and then at Thanny's head, shoved him into the closet and turned the key in the door.

"Muchee goodee!" chuckled the Professor. "He has taken my elective. After seventeen golden years I shall take him out, and he will know my tongue and the seven thousand books of the divine Confutsee."

Thus was the key turned upon Thanny's spirit for seventeen years.

QUESTIONS.

Account for Thanny's defects of character on grounds of early home instruction. What did the gentleman say to Thanny when he opened the door? How many of whose fingers were chopped off by which child? Reduce to vulgar fractions. Show the benefits of the elective system, as illustrated by the Chinese method of education.

Note to Chapter VII.

That Thanny's apparently sad fate may not seem sensational and improbable, the reverend authors refer to Williams's "Middle Kingdom," Vol. I. p. 439[6].

"The hall at Canton (where the examination of the Kii-jin, or promoted men, is held) contains 7500 cells, measuring four feet by three,

[6] [Editor's note: Although the author refers to a real book, the quotation is a mangled, satirised version of the description of the "Mode of Examination and Conferring Degrees" in "The Middle Kingdom" given on page 550-554 of Williams (1883)].

and high enough to stand up in. The furniture consists of two boards, one for sitting and the other contrived to serve both for an eating-table and a writing-desk. All these things, as well as the writing materials, cooking apparatus, and every officer, porter, and menial [*quære* proctor ?] are carefully searched. The cells are arranged around a number of open courts, receiving all their light and air from the central area, and exposed to the observation of the soldiers who guard the place and watch that no one has the least intercourse with the imprisoned students. [President E-l-t's attention is called to this perfect system of espionage.]

"Confinement in this cramped position, where it is impossible to lie down, is exceedingly irksome, and is said to cause the death of many old students [unmatriculated], who are unable to go through the fatigue, but who still enter the arena in hopes of at last succeeding. Cases have occurred when father, son, and grandson appeared at the same time to compete for the same prize.

"The unpleasantness of the strait cell is much increased by the smoke arising from the cooking, which is all done in the court, and by the heat of the weather. Whenever a student dies in his cell the body is pulled through a hole made in the wall, and left there for his friends to carry away."

Chapter 4

Professor Ptthmllnsprts, in Charles Kingsley's *The Water Babies, a Fairy Tale for a Land Baby* (1863)

The original text of Kingsley's classic, first published in its entirety in 1863 after being serialised in *Macmillan's Magazine*, had only two illustrations. The success of the book led to many subsequent editions, interpreted by a variety of illustrators, some of which included hundreds of plates. Here we introduce Professor Ptthmllnsprts, the academic who confronts science with belief, indicating Kingsley's interest in the scientific process, alongside a range of illustrations of the professor from various editions. It is interesting to see which details and which points of the story are featured, from the disembodied scientific hand representing authority, to the father-like explainer of science to the female child, to the weeping, broken professor who has lost both his water baby, and his mind.

NOW IT BEFELL THAT, on the very shore, and over the very rocks, where Tom was sitting with his friend the lobster, there walked one day the little white lady, Ellie herself, and with her a very wise man indeed—Professor Ptthmllnsprts.

His mother was a Dutchwoman, and therefore he was born at Curaçao (of course you have learnt your geography, and therefore know why); and his father a Pole, and therefore he was brought up at Petropaulowski (of course you have learnt your modern politics, and therefore know why): but for all that he was as thorough an Englishman as ever coveted his neighbour's goods. And his name, as I said, was Professor Ptthmllnsprts, which is a very ancient and noble Polish name.

He was, as I said, a very great naturalist, and chief professor of Necrobioneopalæonthydrochthonanthropopithekology in the new university which the king of the Cannibal Islands had founded; and, being a member of the Acclimatization Society, he had come here to collect all the nasty things which he could find on the coast of England, and turn them loose round the Cannibal Islands, because they had not nasty things enough there to eat what they left.

But he was a very worthy, kind, good-natured, little old gentleman; and very fond of children (for he was not the least a cannibal himself); and very good to all the world as long as it was good to him. Only one fault he had, which cock-robins have likewise, as you may see if you look out of the nursery window that, when anyone else found a curious worm, he would hop round them, and peck them, and set up his tail, and bristle up his feathers, just as a cock-robin would; and declare that he found the worm first; and that it was his worm; and, if not, that then it was not a worm at all.

He had met Sir John at Scarborough, or Fleetwood, or somewhere or other (if you don't care where, nobody else does), and had made ac-

quaintance with him, and become very fond of his children. Now, Sir John knew nothing about seacockyolybirds, and cared less, provided the fishmonger sent him good fish for dinner; and My Lady knew as little: but she thought it proper that the children should know something. For in the stupid old times, you must understand, children were taught to know one thing, and to know it well; but in these enlightened new times they are taught to know a little about everything, and to know it all ill; which is a great deal pleasanter and easier, and therefore quite right.

So Ellie and he were walking on the rocks, and he was showing her about one in ten thousand of all the beautiful and curious things which are to be seen there. But little Ellie was not satisfied with them at all. She liked much better to play with live children, or even with dolls, which she could pretend were alive; and at last she said honestly, "I don't care about all these things, because they can't play with me, or talk to me. If there were little children now in the water, as there used to be, and I could see them, I should like that."

"Children in the water, you strange little duck?" said the professor.

"Yes," said Ellie. "I know there used to be children in the water, and mermaids too, and mermen. I saw them all in a picture at home, of a beautiful lady sailing in a car drawn by dolphins, and babies flying round her, and one sitting in her lap; and the mermaids swimming and playing, and the mermen trumpeting on conch-shells; and it is called 'The Triumph of Galatea'; and there is a burning mountain in the picture behind. It hangs on the great staircase, and I have looked at it ever since I was a baby, and dreamt about it a hundred times; and it is so beautiful that it must be true."

Ah, you dear little Ellie, fresh out of heaven! when will people understand that one of the deepest and wisest speeches which came

out of a human mouth is that— "It is so beautiful, that it must be true."

Not till they give up believing that Mr. John Locke (good man and honest though he was) was the wisest man that ever lived on earth; and recollect that a wiser man than he lived long before him; and that his name was Plato the son of Ariston.

But the professor was not in the least of that opinion.

He held very strange theories about a good many things. He had even got up once at the British Association, and declared that apes had hippopotamus majors in their brains just as men have. Which was a shocking thing to say; for, if it were so, what would become of the faith, hope, and charity of immortal millions? You may think that there are other more important differences between you and an ape, such as being able to speak, and make machines, and know right from wrong, and say your prayers, and other little matters of that kind; but that is a child's fancy, my dear. Nothing is to be depended on but the great hippopotamus test. If you have a hippopotamus major in your brain, you are no ape, though you had four hands, no feet, and were more apish than the apes of all aperies. But if a hippopotamus major is ever discovered in one single ape's brain, nothing will save your great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-greater-greatest-grandmother from having been an ape too. No, my dear little man; always remember that the one true, certain, final, and all-important difference between you and an ape is, that you have a hippopotamus major in your brain, and it has none; and that, therefore, to discover one in its brain will be a very wrong and dangerous thing, at which everyone will be very much shocked, as we may suppose they were at the professor.—Though really, after all, it don't much matter; because—as Lord Dundreary and others would put it—nobody but men have hippopotamuses in their brains; so, if a hippo-

potamus was discovered in an ape's brain, why it would not be one, you know, but something else.

But the professor had gone, I am sorry to say, even further than that; for he had read at the British Association at Melbourne, Australia, in the year 1999, a paper which assured everyone who found himself the better or wiser for the news, that there were not, never had been, and could not be, any rational or half-rational beings except men, anywhere, anywhen, or anyhow; that nymphs, satyrs, fauns, inui, dwarfs, trolls, elves, gnomes, fairies, brownies, nixes, wilis, kobolds, leprechaunes, cluricaunes, banshees, will-o'-the-wisps, follets, lutins, magots, goblins, afrits, marids, jinns, ghouls, peris, deevs, angels, archangels, imps, bogies, or worse, were nothing at all, and pure bosh and wind. And he had to get up very early in the morning to prove that, and to eat his breakfast overnight; but he did it, at least to his own satisfaction. Whereon a certain great divine, and very clever divine was he, called him a regular Sadducee; and probably he was quite right. Whereon the professor, in return, called him a regular Pharisee; and probably he was quite right too. But they did not quarrel in the least; for, when men are men of the world, hard words run off them like water off a duck's back. So the professor and the divine met at dinner that evening, and sat together on the sofa afterwards for an hour, and talked over the state of female labour on the antarctic continent (for nobody talks shop after his claret), and each vowed that the other was the best company he ever met in his life. What an advantage it is to be men of the world!

From all which you may guess that the professor was not the least of little Ellie's opinion. So he gave her a succinct compendium of his famous paper at the British Association, in a form suited for the youthful mind. But, as we have gone over his arguments against water-

babies once already, which is once too often, we will not repeat them here.

Now little Ellie was, I suppose, a stupid little girl; for, instead of being convinced by Professor Ptthmllnsprts' arguments, she only asked the same question over again.

"But why are there not water-babies?"

I trust and hope that it was because the professor trod at that moment on the edge of a very sharp mussel and hurt one of his corns sadly, that he answered quite sharply, forgetting that he was a scientific man, and therefore ought to have known that he couldn't know; and that he was a logician, and therefore ought to have known that he could not prove a universal negative—I say, I trust and hope it was because the mussel hurt his corn, that the professor answered quite sharply—

"Because there ain't!"

Which was not even good English, my dear little boy, for, as you must know, from Aunt Agitate's Arguments, the professor ought to have said, if he was so angry as to say anything of the kind—Because there are not; or are none, or are none of them; or (if he had been reading Aunt Agitate, too) because they do not exist.

And he groped with his net under the weeds so violently that, as it befell, he caught poor little Tom.

He felt the net very heavy, and lifted it out quickly, with Tom all entangled in the meshes.

"Dear me!"—he cried, "what a large pink Holothurian; with hands, too. It must be connected with Synapta."

And he took him out.

"It has actually eyes!" he cried. "Why, it must be a Cephalopod! This is most extraordinary."

"No, I ain't!" cried Tom, as loud as he could; for he did not like to be called bad names.

"It is a water-baby!" cried Ellie; and, of course, it was.

"Water-fiddlesticks, my dear" said the professor, and he turned away sharply.

There was no denying it. It was a water-baby; and he had said a moment ago that there were none. What was he to do?

He would have liked, of course, to have taken Tom home in a bucket. He would not have put him in spirits. Of course not. He would have kept him alive, and petted him (for he was a very kind old gentleman), and written a book about him, and given him two long names, of which the first would have said a little about Tom, and the second all about himself; for, of course, he would have called him Hydrotecnon Ptthmllnsprtsianum, or some other long name like that; for they are forced to call everything by long names now, because they have used up all the short ones, ever since they took to making nine species out of one. But—what would all the learned men say to him after his speech at the British Association? And what would Ellie say after what he had just told her?

There was a wise old heathen once who said, "Maxima debetur pueris reverentia"—"the greatest reverence is due to children"—that is, that grown people should never say or do anything wrong before children, lest they set them a bad example. Cousin Cramchild says it means, "The greatest respectfulness is expected from little boys." But he was raised in a country where little boys are not expected to be respectful, because all of them are as good as the President. Well, everyone knows his own concerns best, so perhaps they are. But poor Cousin Cramchild, to do him justice, not being of that opinion, and having a moral mission, and being no scholar to speak of, and hard

up for an authority—why, it was a very great temptation for him. But some people, and I am afraid the professor was one of them, interpret that in a more strange, curious, one-sided, left-handed, topsy-turvy, inside-out, behind-before fashion than even Cousin Cramchild; for they make it mean, that you must show your respect for children by never confessing yourself in the wrong to them, even if you know that you are so, lest they should lose confidence in their elders.

Now, if the professor had said to Ellie—"Yes, my darling, it is a water-baby, and a very wonderful thing it is; and it shows how little I know of the wonders of Nature, in spite of forty years' honest labour. I was just telling you that there could be no such creatures; and, behold! here is one come to confound my conceit, and show me that Nature can do, and has done, beyond all that man's poor fancy can imagine. So, let us thank the Maker, and Inspirer, and Lord of Nature for all His wonderful and glorious works, and try and find out something about this one." I think that, if the professor had said that, little Ellie would have believed him more firmly, and respected him more deeply, and loved him better than ever she had done before. But he was of a different opinion. He hesitated a moment. He longed to keep Tom, and yet he half wished he never had caught him; and at last he quite longed to get rid of him. So he turned away and poked Tom with his finger for want of anything better to do, and said carelessly— "My dear little maid, you must have dreamt of water-babies last night, your head is so full of them."

Now Tom had been in the most horrible and unspeakable fright all the while; and had kept as quiet as he could, though he was called a Holothurian and a Cephalopod; for it was fixed in his little head that if a man with clothes on caught him, he might put clothes on him too, and make a dirty black chimney-sweep of him again. But when the

professor poked him, it was more than he could bear, and, between fright and rage, he turned to bay as valiantly as a mouse in a corner, and bit the professor's finger till it bled.

"Oh! ah! yah!" cried he, and glad of an excuse to be rid of Tom, dropped him on to the seaweed, and thence he dived into the water and was gone in a moment.

"But it was a water-baby, and I heard it speak!" cried Ellie. "Ah, it is gone!" And she jumped down off the rock to try and catch Tom before he slipped into the sea.

Too late! And, what was worse, as she sprang down she slipped, and fell some six feet, with her head on a sharp rock, and lay quite still.

The professor picked her up and tried to waken her, and called to her, and cried over her, for he loved her very much; but she would not waken at all. So he took her up in his arms and carried her to her governess, and they all went home; and little Ellie was put to bed, and lay there quite still; only now and then she woke up and called out about the water-baby: but no one knew what she meant, and the professor did not tell, for he was ashamed to tell.

And, after a week, one moonlight night, the fairies came flying in at the window and brought her such a pretty pair of wings that she could not help putting them on; and she flew with them out of the window, and over the land, and over the sea, and up through the clouds, and nobody heard or saw anything of her for a very long while.

And this is why they say that no one has ever yet seen a water-baby. For my part, I believe that the naturalists get dozens of them when they are out dredging; but they say nothing about them, and throw them overboard again, for fear of spoiling their theories. But, you see, the professor was found out, as everyone is in due time. A very

terrible old fairy found the professor out; she felt his bumps, and cast his nativity, and took the lunars of him carefully inside and out; and so she knew what he would do as well as if she had seen it in a print book, as they say in the dear old west country; and he did it; and so he was found out beforehand, as everybody always is; and the old fairy will find out the naturalists some day, and put them in The Times, and then on whose side will the laugh be?

So the old fairy took him in hand very severely there and then. But she says she is always most severe with the best people, because there is most chance of curing them, and therefore they are the patients who pay her best; for she has to work on the same salary as the Emperor of China's physicians (it is a pity that all do not)—no cure, no pay.

So she took the poor professor in hand: and because he was not content with things as they are, she filled his head with things as they are not, to try if he would like them better; and because he did not choose to believe in a water-baby when he saw it, she made him believe in worse things than water-babies—in unicorns, fire-drakes, manticoras, basilisks, amphisbænas, griffins, phoenixes, rocs, ores, dog-headed men, three-headed dogs, three-bodied geryons, and other pleasant creatures, which folk think never existed yet, and which folk hope never will exist, though they know nothing about the matter, and never will; and these creatures so upset, terrified, flustered, aggravated, confused, astounded, horrified, and totally flabbergasted the poor professor that the doctors said that he was out of his wits for three months; and perhaps they were right as they are now and then.

So all the doctors in the country were called in to make a report on his case; and, of course, every one of them flatly contradicted the

other: else what use is there in being men of science? But at last the majority agreed on a report in the true medical language, one half bad Latin, the other half worse Greek, and the rest what might have been English, if they had only learnt to write it. And this is the beginning thereof—

"The subanhypaposupernal anastomoses of peritomic diacellurite in the encephalo digital region of the distinguished individual of whose symptomatic phenomena we had the melancholy honour (subsequently to a preliminary diagnostic inspection) of making an inspectorial diagnosis, presenting the inter exclusively quadrilateral and antinomian diathesis known as Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles we proceeded——"

But what they proceeded to do, My Lady never knew; for she was so frightened at the long words that she ran for her life, and locked herself into her bedroom, for fear of being squashed by the words and strangled by the sentence. A boa-constrictor, she said, was bad company enough: but what was a boa-constrictor made of paving stones?

"It was quite shocking! What can they think is the matter with him?" said she to the old nurse.

"That his wit's just addled—maybe wi' unbelief and heathenry," quoth she.

"Then why can't they say so?"

And the heaven, and the sea, and the rocks, and the vales re-echoed—"Why, indeed?" But the doctors never heard them.

So she made Sir John write to The Times to command the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being to put a tax on long words—

A light tax on words over three syllables, which are necessary evils, like rats: but, like them, must be kept down judiciously.

A heavy tax on words over four syllables, as heterodoxy, spon-

taneity, spiritualism, spuriosity, etc.

And on words over five syllables (of which I hope no one will wish to see any examples), a totally prohibitory tax.

And a similar prohibitory tax on words derived from three or more languages at once; words derived from two languages having become so common that there was no more hope of rooting out them than of rooting out pethwinds.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, being a scholar and a man of sense, jumped at the notion; for he saw in it the one and only plan for abolishing Schedule D; but when he brought in his bill, most of the Irish members, and (I am sorry to say) some of the Scotch likewise, opposed it most strongly, on the ground that in a free country no man was bound either to understand himself or to let others understand him. So the bill fell through on the first reading; and the Chancellor, being a philosopher, comforted himself with the thought that it was not the first time that a woman had hit off a grand idea and the men turned up their stupid noses thereat.

Now, the doctors had it all their own way; and to work they went in earnest, and they gave the poor professor divers and sundry medicines, as prescribed by the ancients and moderns from Hippocrates to Feuchterssleben, as below, viz.—

1. Hellebore, to wit—

Hellebore of Æta.

Helebore of Galatia.

Hellebore of Sicily.

And all other Hellebores, after the method of the Helleborising Helleborists of the Helleboric era. But that would not do. Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles would not stir an inch out of his encephalo digital region.

2. Trying to find out what was the matter with him after the method of—

Hippocrates,

Aretæus,

Celsus,

Cælius Aurelianus,

And Galen.

But they found that a great deal too much trouble, as most people have since; and so had recourse to—

3. Borage.

Cauteries.

Boring a hole in his head to let out fumes, which (says Gordonius) "will, without doubt, do much good." But it didn't.

Bezoar stone.

Diamargaritum.

A ram's brain boiled in spice.

Oil of wormwood.

Water of Nile.

Capers.

Good wine (but there was none to be got).

The water of a smith's forge.

Hops.

Ambergris.

Mandrake pillows.

Dormouse fat.

Hares' ears.

Starvation.

Camphor.

Salts and senna.

Musk.

Opium.

Strait-waistcoats.

Bullyings.

Bumpings.

Blisterings.

Bleedings.

Bucketings with cold water.

Knockings down.

Kneeling on his chest till they broke it in, etc., etc.; after the mediæval or monkish method: but that would not do. Bumpterhausen's blue follicles stuck there still.

Then—

4. Coaxing.

Kissing.

Champagne and turtle.

Red herrings and Soda water.

Good advice.

Gardening.

Croquet.

Musical soirées.

Aunt Sally.

Mild tobacco.

"The Saturday Review."

A carriage with outriders, etc., etc.

After the modern method. But that would not do.

And if he had but been a convict lunatic, and had shot at the Queen, killed all his creditors to avoid paying them, or indulged in any other little amiable eccentricity of that kind, they would have given

him in addition—

The healthiest situation in England, on Easthampstead Plain.

Free run of Windsor Forest.

The Times every morning.

A double-barrelled gun and pointers, and leave to shoot three Wellington College boys a week (not more) in case black game was scarce.

But as he was neither mad enough nor bad enough to be allowed such luxuries, they grew desperate, and fell into bad ways, viz.—

5. Suffumigations of sulphur.

Herrwiggius his "Incomparable drink for madmen."

Only they could not find out what it was.

Suffumigations of the liver of the fish * *

Only they had forgotten its name, so Dr. Gray could not well procure a specimen.

Metallic tractors.

Holloway's Ointment.

Electro-biology.

Valentine Greatrakes his Stroking Cure.

Spirit-rapping.

Holloway's Pills.

Table-turning.

Morison's Pills.

Homœopathy.

Parr's Life Pills.

Mesmerism.

Pure Bosh.

Exorcisms, for which they read Maleus Maleficarum, Nideri Formicarium Delrio, Wierus, etc.

But could not get one that mentioned water-babies.

Hydropathy.

Madame Rachel's Elixir of Youth.

The Poughkeepsie Seer his Prophecies.

The distilled liquor of addle eggs.

Pyropathy.

As successfully employed by the old inquisitors to cure the malady of thought, and now by the Persian Mollahs to cure that of rheumatism.

Geopathy, or burying him.

Atmopathy, or steaming him.

Sympathy, after the method of Basil Valentine his Triumph of Antimony, and Kenelm Digby his Weapon-salve, which some call a hair of the dog that bit him.

Hermopathy, or pouring mercury down his throat to move the animal spirits.

Meteorapathy, or going up to the moon to look for his lost wits, as Ruggiero did for Orlando Furioso's: only, having no hippogriff, they were forced to use a balloon; and, falling into the North Sea, were picked up by a Yarmouth herring-boat, and came home much the wiser, and all over scales.

Antipathy, or using him like "a man and a brother."

Apathy, or doing nothing at all.

With all other ipathies and opathies which Noodle has invented, and Foodle tried, since black-fellows chipped flints at Abbéville—which is a considerable time ago, to judge by the Great Exhibition.

But nothing would do, for he screamed and cried all day for a water-baby, to come and drive away the monsters; and, of course, they did not try to find one, because they did not believe in them, and were thinking of nothing but Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles, having, as

usual, set the cart before the horse, and taken the effect for the cause.

So they were forced at last to let the poor professor ease his mind by writing a great book, exactly contrary to all his old opinions; in which he proved that the moon was made of green cheese, and that all the mites in it (which you may see sometimes quite plain through a telescope, if you will only keep the lens dirty enough, as Mr. Weekes kept his voltaic battery) are nothing in the world but little babies, who are hatching and swarming up there in millions, ready to come down into this world whenever children want a new little brother or sister.

Which must be a mistake, for this one reason: that, there being no atmosphere round the moon (though someone or other says there is, at least on the other side, and that he has been round at the back of it to see, and found that the moon was just the shape of a Bath bun, and so wet that the man in the moon went about on Midsummer day in Macintoshes and Cording's boots, spearing eels and sneezing); that, therefore, I say, there being no atmosphere, there can be no evaporation, and therefore the dew-point can never fall below 71·5° below zero of Fahrenheit: and, therefore, it cannot be cold enough there about four o'clock in the morning to condense the babies' mesenteric apophthegms into their left ventricles; and, therefore, they can never catch whooping-cough; and if they do not have whooping cough, they cannot be babies at all; and, therefore, there are no babies in the moon. Q.E.D.

Which may seem a roundabout reason; and so, perhaps, it is: but you will have heard worse ones in your time, and from better men than you are.

But one thing is certain; that, when the good old doctor got his book written, he felt considerably relieved from Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles, and a few things infinitely worse—to wit, from pride and

vain-glory, and from blindness and hardness of heart, which are the true causes of Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles, and of a good many other ugly things besides. Whereon the foul flood-water in his brains ran down, and cleared to a fine coffee colour, such as fish like to rise in, till very fine clean, fresh-run fish did begin to rise in his brains; and he caught two or three of them (which is exceedingly fine sport, for brain rivers), and anatomised them carefully, and never mentioned what he found out from them, except to little children; and became ever after a sadder and a wiser man, which is a very good thing to become, my dear little boy, even though one has to pay a heavy price for the blessing.

Figure 4.1: The professor showing Ellie biological specimens. Illustration by Frederick C. Gordon, in Kingsley (1891, p. 135).

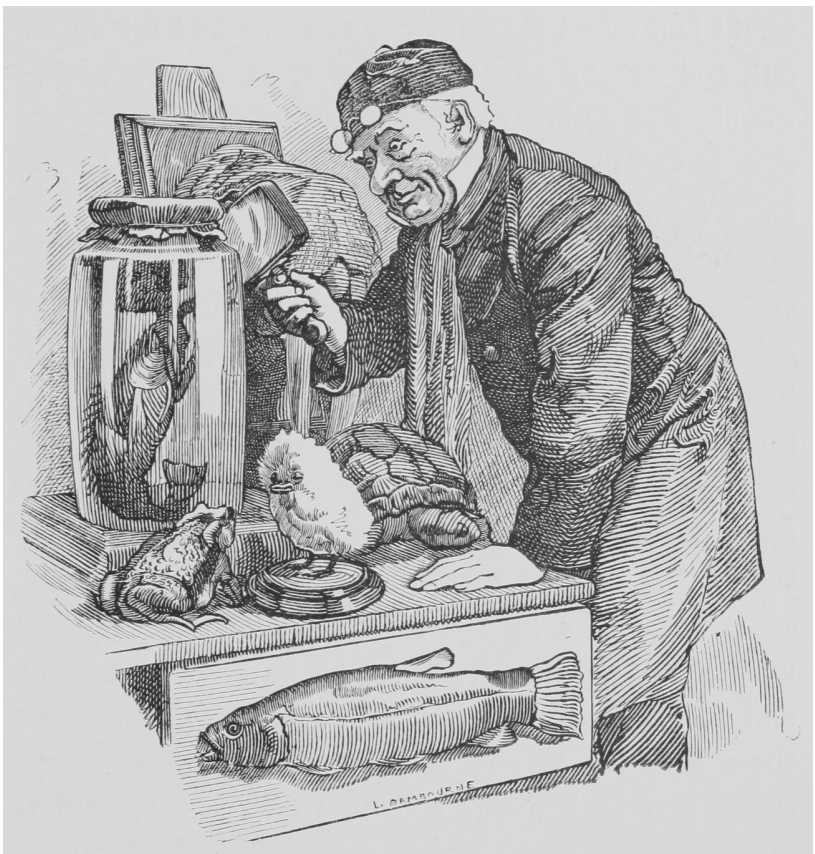

Figure 4.2: The professor's natural history collection. Illustration by Linley Sambourne, in Kingsley (1894, p. 149).

Figure 4.3: The professor drops the water baby. Illustration by Linley Sambourne, in Kingsley (1894, p. 159).

Figure 4.4: The professor drops the water baby. Illustrator unknown (but clearly influenced by the Linley Sambourne illustration, above). In Kingsley (1895, p. 124).

Figure 4.5: The water baby escapes. Illustration by G. Wright, in Kingsley (1900, frontispiece).

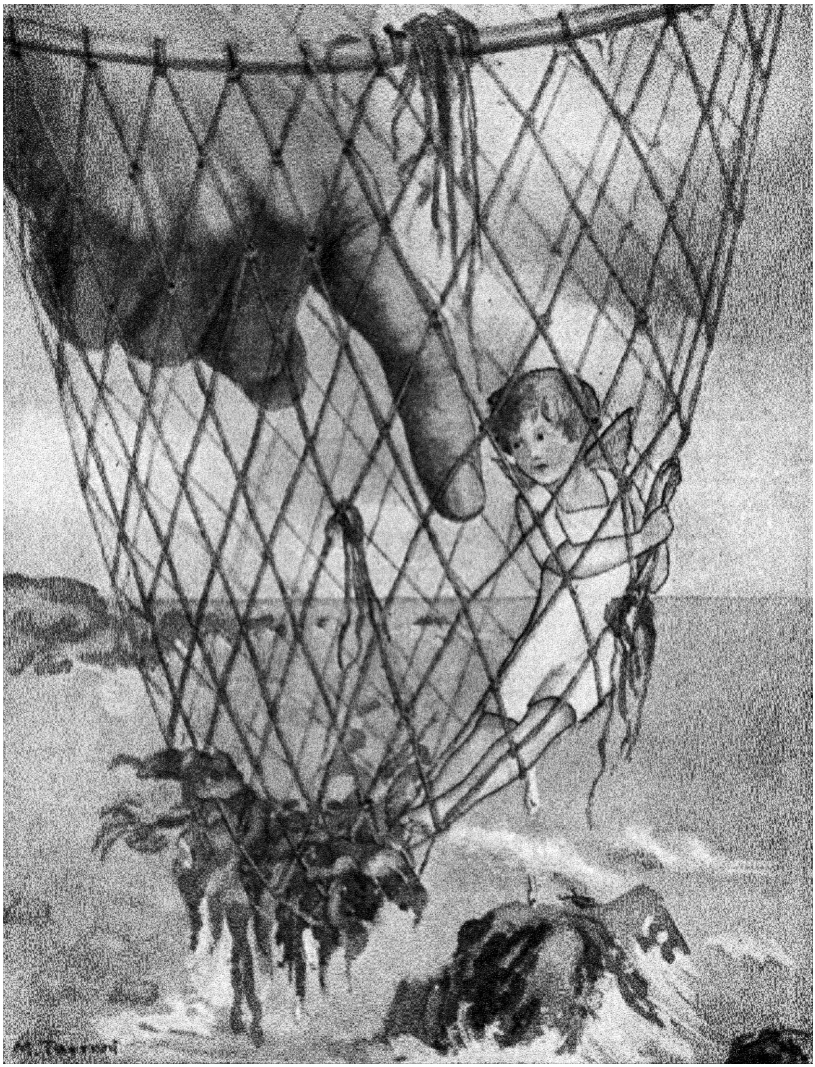

Figure 4.6: The hand of science identifies the water baby. Illustration by Margaret W. Tarrant, in Kingsley (1914a, p. 62).

Figure 4.7: The water baby caught and studied. Illustration by Helen Babbit and Ethel Blossom, in Kingsley (1914b, p. 96).

Figure 4.8: The professor walks with Ellie. Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, in Kingsley (1915, p. 136).

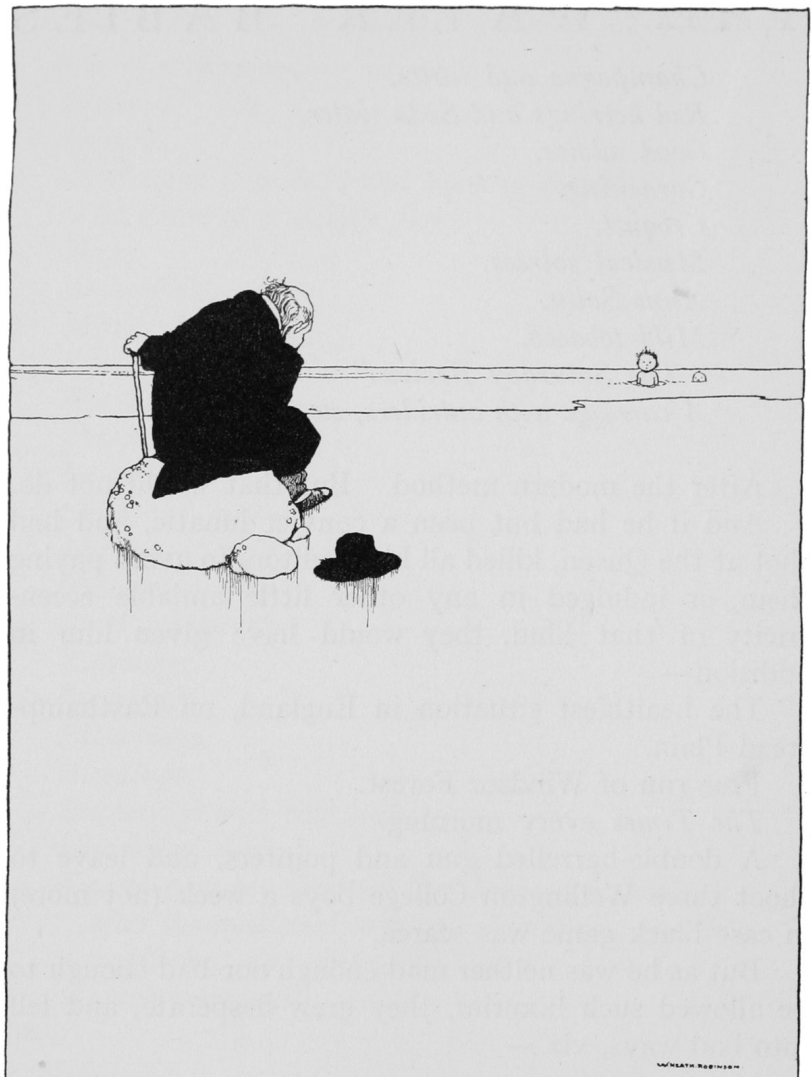

Figure 4.9: The professor, distraught. By W. Heath Robinson, in Kingsley (1915, p. 154).

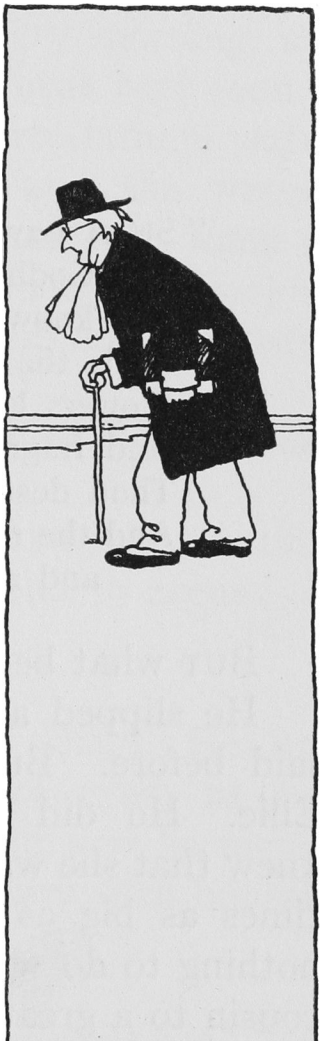

Figure 4.10: Illustration by W. H. Robinson, in Kingsley (1915, p. 159).

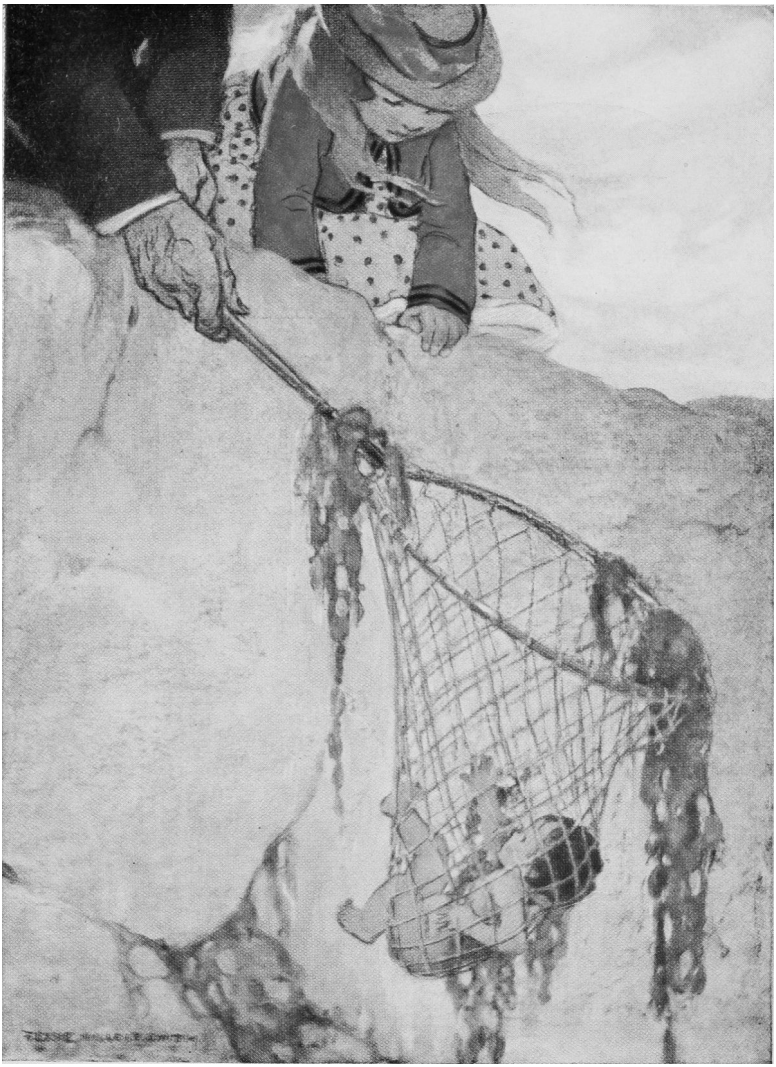

Figure 4.11: The water baby, caught and studied. Illustration by Jessie Wilcox Smith, in Kingsley (1916a, p. 124).

Figure 4.12: The water baby captured. Illustration by Frank A. Nankivel, in Kingsley (1916b, p. 100).

Figure 4.13: Surprised by the water baby. Illustration by Florence Liley Young, in Kingsley (1916c, p. 100).

Chapter 5

Professor Johnny, in Annie Bowles Williams' *Professor Johnny* (1887)

The opening lines of the book *Professor Johnny* (JAK 1887) are given here, explaining how the protagonist was given his moniker, but also showing how 'professor' can be used as shorthand for a certain type of behaviour found in studious children in this and other books in the corpus. These lines are the only explanation or reflection as to why the title 'Professor' is used in this whole book: it sets the main character apart from other children, being detached, wise, and bookish.

Annie Bowles Williams was an American author who published a range of children's books in New York in the 1880s under the pseudonym JAK.

JOHNNY HAD been named The Professor by some of his young friends, because he wore spectacles, was fond of studying natural philosophy and chemistry, and of performing experiments. He had become so used to the name that he did not mind it much, even when some of the rude boys in the street called him Professor or Prof. His merry little sister Sue, also, was quite as apt to call him Prof. as Johnny.

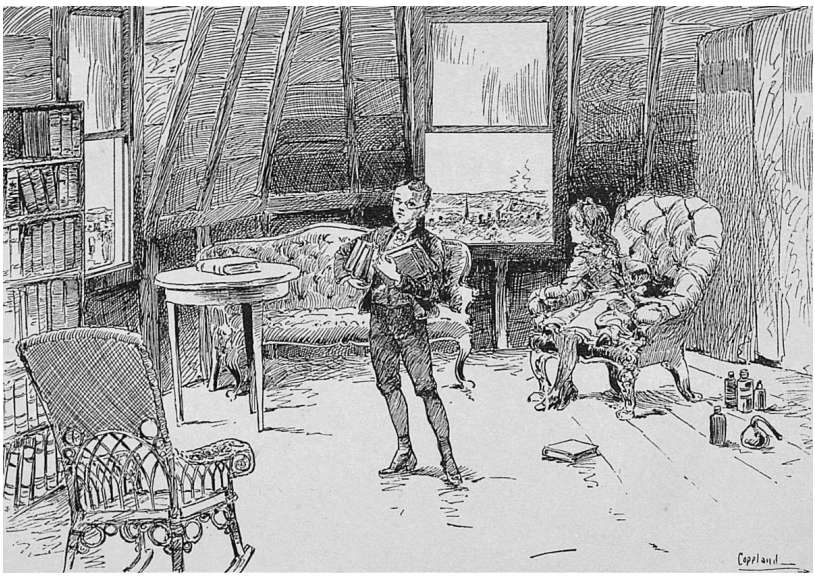

Figure 5.1: Professor Johnny, the bibliophile. Illustration by Charles Copeland (JAK 1887, p. 5, and frontispiece).

Chapter 6

Professor Cupper, in Frank R. Stockton's 'The Curious History of a Message' (1888)

There are examples, particularly in adventure stories written for boys, or the content of subscription magazines such as the the American monthly *St Nicholas*, of professors who are admirable men of science and logic, their detached intellect solving intractable issues. This story may now come across as a history of science tale, although at the time it would have been reflecting contemporary scientific and industrial progress, and has important background messages regarding class and the financial situation of scholars, as well as women. Scientific tales such as this provided a counterpoint to the prevailing academic image of baffled, eccentric, or ineffectual showmen. How grateful we should be for the blessings of science, indeed.

Frank Richard Stockton was an American author, best known for a series of fairy tales and fantasies.

THE WINTER in which the events of this history occurred opened very disagreeably. The cold was not intense, nor the snows deep, but it was a sloppy, sleety, slippery December in which one could expect neither good ice nor good sleighing.

The probabilities of an unseasonable Christmas were very much discussed by the members of a family named Kinton, who lived in a country house about thirty miles from New York. Mrs Kinton was a widow, and her family was made up of herself and three daughters, whose ages ranged from seventeen to six. Her brother, Mr. Rodney Carr, was very often with them, but his presence was not at all to be depended upon.

The two older girls, Elinor and Maud, were generally ready to enjoy Christmas in any weather and in any place; but this year the prospect of a Christmas at home appeared extremely distasteful to them on account of a certain other prospect that had been held out to them by their uncle Rodney. This uncle was a generous man, and always glad to promote the pleasure of his nieces; and early in this winter he had made them a half-promise of something which Mrs. Kinton thought he should have said nothing about until he had felt himself able to make a whole promise. He had gone to California upon business; and, before starting, had told Elinor and Maud that if a certain enterprise proved successful, he would make them a Christmas present of a trip to the Bermudas. This unusual gift had been suggested to him by the fact that the most intimate friends of Elinor and Maud, the two Sanderson girls, who spent their winters in New York, were going with their mother to the Bermudas for their Christmas holidays; and Mrs. Sanderson had told him that she would be very glad if his nieces could go with them.

The state of mind of the Kinton girls can easily be imagined. A

Christmas in the Bermudas—two weeks of balmy air, warm sunshine, oranges, bananas, pine-apples, roses in the open air! It made them wild to talk about it!

Christmas was coming nearer and nearer when a letter was received from Uncle Rodney; and he, it appeared, was also coming nearer and nearer. He was on his way from California; and, to the surprise of the Kinton family, he was also on his way to England. The business which took him there, he wrote, was pressing; and as he wished to catch a certain steamer, it would be impossible for him to stop to see his relatives. He had not yet decided the important question of a trip to the Bermudas; but on the way he would make some calculations, and see whether or not he would be able to give them this pleasure, and as he would pass through Afton, their railroad station, where the train stopped for a few minutes, he would send them his decision, by telephone.

The Kinton house, like several other residences in the neighborhood, was connected with the railroad station, about four miles distant, by a telephone wire; and communication in this way was often very useful, especially in bad weather.

At first the girls declared that they would wait for no telephone, but would go to the station and see Uncle Rodney, if it were only for a minute; but on consulting a time-table of the railroad they found that the train on which their uncle would travel would reach Afton very early in the morning; and Mrs. Kinton put a veto upon the proposition to take the long drive at such an unseasonable hour. Consequently there was nothing to do but to wait for the day on which Uncle Rodney had said he would pass through Afton and be ready at the telephone at the proper time.

On the day after the receipt of this letter there came to the Kin-

ton house a pleasant, little, middle-aged gentleman, who received a hearty welcome from every member of the family. This was Professor Cupper, an old friend and a man of science. It was his custom, whenever he felt like it, to spend a few days with the Kintons. Seasons and weather made no difference to him. Friends were friends at any time of the year; and weather which might be bad for ordinary purposes was often very suitable for scientific investigations.

Of course the Professor was soon made acquainted with the exciting state of affairs, in which he immediately took an animated interest. He well knew what winter-time was in the Bermudas. He knew how his dear young friends would enjoy Christmas among the roses and the palmettoes; and he talked so enthusiastically about the land of flowers that the girls were filled with a wilder impatience; and even their mother admitted that she was beginning to be nervously anxious to know what Rodney would say. If the girls were to be in the Bermudas before Christmas it was necessary to know the fact soon, for certain preparations would have to be made. If Rodney were not such a queer sort of fellow, she said, he would have made up his mind days ago, and would have written or telegraphed his decision. But this sort of touch-and-go communication suited his fancies exactly.

The eventful morning arrived. Before it was yet light the two girls were up, dressed, and at the telephone. They had no reason to expect the message so soon; but the train might be ahead of time, and Uncle Rodney might have but half a minute in which to say what he had to tell them. On no account must the telephone bell ring without someone being there to give an instant response.

Consequently the Kinton girls, even little Ruth, were at the instrument, where Professor Cupper speedily made his appearance; and not long afterward Mrs. Kinton joined the expectant group.

The moment arrived at which the message could reasonably be expected. All were in a tingle! The moment passed; it became long passed. The girls looked aghast at each other! What had happened? Even the ruddy face of the Professor seemed to pale a little. He stepped to the instrument and sounded the signal. No answer came. He sounded again and again, with like result. For ten or fifteen minutes he called and rang without response.

"What can possibly be the matter?" cried Elinor. "Is everybody dead or asleep at the station?"

"Not likely," said the Professor. "But it is likely that your wire is broken."

At this announcement the girls broke into lamentations. Uncle Rodney must have arrived and departed, and the words which he had undoubtedly spoken into the telephone at the station had been lost! Now, how could they know what their uncle had decided upon? How could they know whether he intended them to go to the Bermudas or not? He was to sail from New York that day, but he had not informed them what steamer he intended to take, and they did not know where to send a telegram. He had asked them to write to him in the care of a banker in London; but if they were to send a letter after him it would be so long before they could get an answer to it! Even a message by cable would not be much better, for he would not receive it long before he would receive a letter. There was absolutely nothing which they could do.

This mournful conclusion weighed heavily upon the whole family. Even little Ruth, who did not exactly understand the state of affairs, looked as if she were about to cry.

"I should have liked it better," exclaimed Maud, "if Uncle Rodney had told us we could not go; but to hear, after the holidays are over,

that we might have gone, would be simply too hard to bear."

"As soon as I have had some breakfast," said the Professor, "I will go to the station—if Mrs. Kinton will give me a conveyance—and I will find out what has happened."

"And we will go with you!" cried Elinor and Maud.

After a hasty breakfast the Professor and the two girls set out in a sleigh for Afton. The snow was soft and not very deep, and the roadway beneath was rough; but notwithstanding the bumps and jolts, and the occasional blood-curdling gratings of the runners upon bare places, the impatient girls urged George, the driver, to keep his horses on their fastest trot.

When they were about half-way to the station, the Professor cried out:

"Hi! There it is! The line is broken!"

All looked around, and could see plainly enough that the wire had parted near one of the poles, and that part of it was resting on the ground. But it was of no use to stop; they were in a hurry to reach Afton to learn if Uncle Rodney had been there, and if he had left a message.

When they reached the railroad station they found that Mr. Carr had arrived on time; that he had telephoned to his sister's house; and the he had gone. The station-master told them that he had been outside, and had not heard what Mr. Carr had said, but that he thought it probable, since he had a very short time in which to say anything, that he had rung the bell, and without waiting for an answering ring, had delivered his message.

"That is very likely," said the Professor, "for Mr. Carr knew that his nieces were expecting to hear from him at the moment the train arrived here, and that they would, therefore, be ready at their tele-

phone. But as the line was broken, of course the message never reached them."

Very much dispirited, the little party drove home. The girls had been buoying themselves up with the hope that Uncle Rodney knew that the wire was broken, and had left a message for them at the station; but, instead of this, he had gone away in the belief that he had communicated with them, and would, therefore, do no more. Now they could not expect to hear from him until he reached England, and it would then be too late. The kindly nature of the Professor was affected by this disappointment of his young friends; and the thought came to him that had he been rich enough he would, himself, have made them a present of a trip to the Bermudas. Even George, the driver, who knew all about the affair and was deeply interested in it, wore a doleful face.

They drove slowly homeward, and when they reached the place where the wire had been broken, the Professor asked George to stop, and he got out to take a look into the condition of affairs. There was no real need that he should do this, for of course he could not repair the damage, and the station-master had promised to attend to that. But he had an investigating mind and he wished to find out just how the accident had happened.

It was easy enough to see how the wire had been broken. A tall tree stood near the spot, and from this a heavy dead limb had fallen which must have struck the wire—this had been broken off close to one of the poles, and from the supporting insulator near the top of the pole an end of the wire, an inch or two in length, projected. From looking up at the damaged wire the Professor glanced down the pole, and when his eyes rested upon the ground he saw there, lying on the frozen crust of the snow, a little dead bird, its wings partly outspread.

The Professor stepped quickly to the pole, and, stooping, regarded the bird. Then he stood up, stepped back a little and looked up at the broken wire. After which he advanced toward the bird, and looked down at it. From these observations he was called away by the girls, who wished to know what he was looking at.

Without answering, the Professor carefully picked up the bird, and returned to the sleigh.

"It is a poor little dead bird!" exclaimed Maud; "a dead, frozen bird!"

"Yes," said the Professor, "that is what it is." And, resuming his

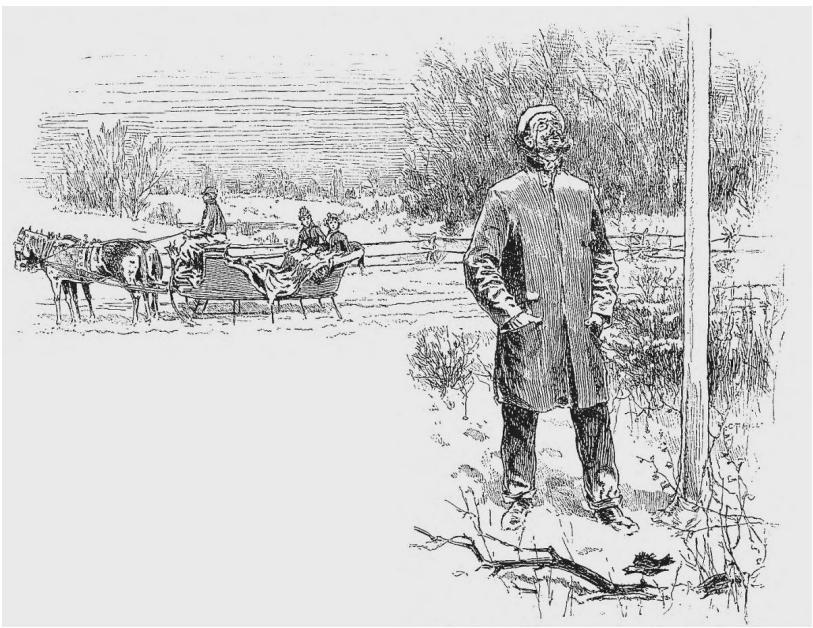

Figure 6.1: The Professor studies the new-fangled telegraph. In: Stockton (1888, p. 87).

seat, they moved on.

For the rest of the way the Professor did not talk much; and when they reached the house, without taking off his hat, coat or overshoes, he sat down on a chair in the hall and steadfastly regarded the bird which lay in his outspread hands.

Mrs. Kinton, with Ruth, came hurrying downstairs. "Did you discover anything?" she asked.

Maud was about to speak when the Professor interrupted. "Yes," he said, delivering his words slowly, and with earnestness, "I think I have discovered something. I have reason to believe that the message sent by Rodney Carr is in this bird."

Exclamations of amazement burst from all his hearers. "What do you mean?" cried Mrs. Kinton.

"I will tell you," said the Professor. And they all gathered around him, gazing with astonished eyes at the bird which he held. "By a falling limb," he said, "your telephone wire was broken close to the glass insulator on one of the poles, and on the side of the pole nearest this house. At the bottom of the pole directly under the fracture I found this dead bird. Now my theory is this. The limb probably fell during the high wind of last night. The bird, taking an early morning flight, alighted on the broken end of the wire which projected a little from the pole after the manner of a twig. While settling on this slight perch and probably fluttering its wings as it took its position, Mr. Carr sent his message along the wire.

"If the end had merely projected into the air, there would have been no circuit, and no message; but the bird's little feet were on the wire, one of his fluttering wings probably touched the pole or the block, a connection with the earth was made, and the message passed into the bird. The little creature was instantly killed, and dropped to

the ground, its wings still outspread."

"Do you mean," cried Elinor, "that you believe Uncle Rodney's message is now in that bird?"

"Yes," said the Professor, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, "I believe, or, at least, I strongly conjecture that your uncle's message is now in that curious complication of electric threads which is diffused through the body of a bird, as it is through that of a man, and which is known as the nervous system."

Mrs. Kinton and her eldest daughter were too surprised to say a word, but Maud exclaimed:

"A dead bird with a message in his nervous system is of no good to anybody! Oh, you poor little thing, not only dead but frozen, if you could but wake up and tell us whether Uncle Rodney said we were to go to the Bermudas or not to go, you would be the dearest and best bird in the world!"

"I have been considering this matter very earnestly," said Professor Cupper, "and I am going to try to get that message out of the bird. If its nervous system is charged with the modulated electric current produced by your uncle's words, I do not see why those modulations should not be transferred to a delicate electrical machine, which should record or repeat the message, faintly perhaps, but with force enough for us to determine its purport."

"If you can do that," said Elinor, "it will be a miracle!"

Mrs. Kinton's mind was in a state of bewilderment. She could not readily put full faith in what the Professor had said, and yet science had done so many wonderful things, and the Professor himself had done so many wonderful things, that she could not bring herself to entirely doubt him; so she gave up all attempts to comprehend the matter, and went away to attend to her household duties. At any rate, his

efforts to get a telephone message out of a bird could hurt nobody, and if he succeeded in interesting and diverting her daughters it would be a positive benefit.

The girls plied the Professor with questions, and the more he discussed the subject the more firmly he became persuaded that it would be a crime against science to allow this great and unique opportunity to pass unimproved.

He did not take off his hat and coat at all; but, calling to Mrs. Kinton, he earnestly requested her to send him to the station in time to take the next train to New York. There he would procure the electrical appliances which he needed, and return to her house in the evening, or, at the latest, the next morning.

Of course the Professor went to New York, for everybody could see that he must not be thwarted in this most important investigation. He would have taken the bird with him, to try his experiments on it in the city; but apart from the fear that the electrical conditions of the little thing's nervous system might be disturbed by the journey, he was determined that the girls should hear their uncle's message the moment it was reproduced, if, indeed, he should be able to reproduce it at all.

How this message was to be made known, whether by means of a phonograph, or a graphophone, or some other electric appliance, the Professor did not say. He was going to consult with some scientific brethren, and they would help him to determine what sort of experiments ought to be tried. He would bring back with him the necessary instruments, and perhaps also one or more of his learned friends, for this was a matter in which he was sure all scientific minds would be interested.

The bird whose nervous system, according to Professor Cupper's

belief, was charged with the electric message in which Elinor and Maud took so deep an interest, was left with these two girls by the professor, with injunctions to take the best of care of it. Accordingly they carried it into an unused upper room, and there it was gently placed upon a small table; and when they went out they carefully closed the door, in order that no cat or other enemy should disturb or injure what Maud called "the ornithological depository of their fate."

The direct interest of little Ruth in this affair was not great, for there was no idea of her going to the Bermudas. But she had heard what had been said about this mysterious bird, and although she did not understand it, that did not at all interfere with her curiosity and desire to have an undisturbed look at the little creature which had been choked to death by a message from her uncle Rodney, who she thought should not have spoken so loud if there was any danger of a little bird being at the other end of the wire.

She went upstairs and entered the room, and as she was a careful little girl, she shut the door behind her. Then she drew a chair up to the table, and, leaning upon it, earnestly regarded the bird. So far as she could see, there was nothing the matter with it except that it was dead; and she knew very well that in various ways and manners a great many birds do become dead. There seemed to her nothing very peculiar in the condition of this one.

Presently, however, she observed something which did seem to her to be peculiar. She drew back from the table, let her hands fall in her lap, and a thoughtful expression came into her face.

"Do dead birds wink?" she softly said to herself.

It seemed as if this were really the case, for while she spoke one eye of the bird was, for the second time, slowly opened and quickly shut. While she was pondering upon this strange occurrence a mo-

mentary tremor passed through the body of the bird. It was very slight, but her young eyes were sharp.

"It is shivering," she said. "Poor thing! It must be cold!"

She glanced at the window and saw that one of the upper sashes had been lowered. This had been done by her sisters, who had thought the room too warm. She went to the window and found that, even standing on a chair, she could not push up the sash.

Then another idea entered her mind. She went to her own little room, which was on the same floor, and brought back with her her doll's bed and bedstead. She knew perfectly well what a fond mother should do to warm a doll who was too cold. She put the bedstead on the floor, away from the window; then she took off the two little blankets, and, opening the register, laid them upon it. When they were thoroughly warmed, she took them to the bed, and, having arranged everything very neatly, she went to the table, tenderly picked up the poor, cold little bird, and carrying it to the bed, snugly tucked it in between the blankets.

Ruth now seated herself upon the floor near by to watch over her little charge, and very soon she saw a decided shaking between the blankets.

"It keeps on being cold," she said. And taking up a little down quilt which was used by her doll only in very cold weather, she placed that over the bird. This additional covering, however, did not seem to have any effect in quieting the little creature. From shaking, it began to struggle. In a few moments on wing was almost entirely out from under the covering and exposed to the air; and while Ruth was endeavoring to put back this wing the other one came out, and then one leg. When she felt the sharp little claws on her hand, she was startled, although they did not hurt her, and involuntarily drew back. In a mo-

ment the bird wriggled itself out from between the blankets. Then it hopped into the middle of the bed; and as Ruth put out her hand to catch it, it spread its wings and flew to the back of a chair.

Ruth started to her feet, and as she did so the bird flew from the chair and begun circling around and around the room. The little girl did not know what to do. She felt that the bird ought to be caught, or that somebody ought to be called; but before she had decided upon any further action the bird perceived the open window, and, darting through it, was lost to her view.

Tears now came into the eyes of the little girl, and slowly she went downstairs and told what had happened. Elinor and Maud were shocked and distressed, and even their mother was truly grieved. No matter how things resulted, it would be a great disappointment to the Professor not to be able to try his experiments. Ruth was too young to be blamed very much for doing what she thought was an act of kindness, but the girls found great fault with themselves for not having locked the door of the room.

"As it was likely that the bird was merely stunned by the electric current, and frozen stiff as it lay upon the snow," said Elinor, "it might have been easier for the Professor to get at the message than if it were really dead. A live nervous system, I should think, would be more likely to retain an electrical impression than a dead one."

"Don't talk that way," cried Maud, "or you will have us all wild to go out and catch that bird. It would be the worst kind of a wild-goose chase, for a bird with a message in him looks just like any other; and even if we had tied a rag to its leg or put a mark on it I think that by the time it had been chased from field to forest, and had had stones hurled at it and nets thrown over it, its electrical conditions would have been a good deal disturbed. No! We may as well drop this bird

of Fate as it has dropped us. I don't believe the message went into him anyway. It simply shot out into the air, and we shall never know what it was until Uncle Rodney reaches England and writes or telegraphs back. Then, of course, it will be too late, and we shall have to be content to wait for the Bermudas until some other winter."

"One thing must be done instantly," said Mrs. Kinton. "We must telegraph to Professor Cupper what has happened. It would be very unkind to let him put himself to any further trouble now that the bird is gone and there is nothing for himself or his friends to experiment upon."

In twenty minutes George was riding to the station with a message which briefly stated that the bird of hope had revived and flown away.

Elinor and Maud went early to bed that night. They had a feeling that this world was a very tiresome place, and there was nothing in it worth sitting up for. But the next morning's mail brought a letter from Professor Cupper, which made different beings of them.

The letter had been written late the night before, and was brief and hurried, as the Professor wished to get it into the post-office before the last mail closed. In it he said that he had been greatly disappointed and grieved by the news that it was impossible for him to proceed with the most interesting experiment of his life. That was over and done with, but he had been earnestly pondering upon the subject, and had come to the conclusion, for reasons which he would afterward explain, that the message was a favorable one, and that Mr. Carr had told his nieces that they were to go to the Bermudas. The Professor had decided to remain in New York for a few days, but would then return and finish his visit; and would give in full his grounds for the conviction that the Christmas present which the girls so earnestly desired had been sent to them.

"I believe it!" cried Elinor. "It is certain that Uncle Rodney sent us a message, and if Professor Cupper, who knows all about these things, says it was the right message, I see no reason to doubt it."

"I don't doubt it," said Maud. "I believe any other kind of a message would have killed that bird as dead as a door nail."

At first Mrs. Kinton felt perplexed, but as she so well understood her brother's generous disposition, and had such confidence in Professor Cupper's scientific ability, she did not feel warranted in opposing the conviction of the Professor and the desires of her daughters; and preparations for the trip to the Bermudas were immediately commenced. Of course her brother had sent no money, but it had been arranged how his sister could draw the money on his account.

Fingers now began to fly, and Elinor and Maud felt that the world offered many reasons why they should sit up late. In two days they were in New York, and on the day afterward, with their friends, they sailed for the Bermudas.

Shortly after their departure the Professor arrived at Mrs. Kinton's house, and, for the first time in his life, was delighted to find that his young friends were not there. He lost no time in giving Mrs. Kinton his grounds for the opinion he had sent her.

"On some accounts," he said, "it is a pity the bird escaped; but, after all, this matters little, for, alive, it could have been of no use to me. Its emotions on reviving in a state of captivity would probably have obliterated, in its nervous system, all electric impressions. Having, therefore, nothing positive on which to base my judgment, I was obliged to consider the subject with reference to probabilities. The bird was not killed by the electric current; it was merely stunned, and afterward stiffened by lying upon the snow. I therefore infer that the message sent was a very brief one; and, being brief, I infer that it

was favorable. Your brother has too kind a heart to say to the girls: "No"; or, "You cannot go." No matter how limited his time, he would have managed to say something in the way of explanation and palliation. On the other hand: "Yes," or, "Go and be happy," would be all-sufficient. Such a message might merely stun a bird; a longer one might kill it."

"Maud said something of that kind," remarked Mrs. Kinton.

"Maud is a very intelligent girl," said the Professor, "and it will not surprise me if she ultimately engages in scientific pursuits. And now, madam," he continued, "how grateful should we be to science! If we had not been able to induce, even inferentially, through the medium of an ordinary bird, the purport of your brother's message, we should have known nothing of his desires and intentions."

"No," said Mrs. Kinton, smiling, "nothing!"

The girls spent a royal two weeks in the Bermudas, and shortly after their return there came a letter from their uncle Rodney in answer to one in which their mother had given him a full account of the state of affairs. In this letter Mr. Carr wrote:

"As well as I can recollect them, I telephoned to you these words, 'Very sorry, but I can't send the girls this year. Better luck next Christmas! All well?' But I could not wait for an answer to this question, for the whistle sounded, and I was obliged to run for the train. It was much against my will that I sent this message. Affairs had gone badly with me in California; and I found, too, that if I did not very speedily show myself in England I should have heavy losses. I earnestly considered the question on my way toward Afton, but finally decided that under the circumstances I could not afford to give the girls that Bermuda trip. But when I reached England I found my affairs in a great deal better shape than I had any reason to expect. By the time I got down to London, and found your letter, I was already considering what I should

do to compensate the girls for the loss of their semi-tropical Christmas; for I knew it was then too late for them to go south with the Sandersons. So when I learned that my message had not been received, and the girls had gone to the Bermudas, I was delighted. In spite of your explanations, I must admit that I do not comprehend how that bird and Professor Cupper managed the matter; but nobody can be happier than I am that they managed it so well.

Maud sprang to her feet, one hand in the air:

"How grateful we should be," she cried, "for the blessings of science!"

Chapter 7

The Professor, and the Other Professor, in Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno* (1889) and *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (1893)

Sylvie and Bruno (Carroll 1889) and *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (Carroll 1893) are two parts of a long, illustrated novel (published separately due to the number of pages required, see Carroll 1893 p. xii). They weave two parallel stories around the lead characters: young fairy siblings, who are the children of a university college warden. The adult narrator, an historian, sees their world in dreams or in a reverie. The goings on of a university (presumably Oxford) are detailed, with the characters discussing social aspects of Victorian Britain, such as education, religion, science, and philosophy. In the second setting, the story moves to Elfland, where there is a plot to remove the Warden, the rightful King of Fairyland. The movement between the two worlds allows the narrator to comment on manners and morality.

Given the length of the text, a few key excerpts are presented here, introducing The Professor, The Other Professor, and The Professor's Lecture. Carroll fondly mocks the eccentricities and otherworldly approach of academics, wrapping their expertise into his nonsensical world of logic. The

Other Professor's face is never shown in Furniss' illustrations (a comedic device much used in 20th century sitcoms).

The two *Sylvie and Bruno* volumes were never as popular, successful, or enduring as Carroll's *Alice* books, lacking much of the humour in his earlier works and being poorly received by critics. Together they form the last novel by Lewis Carroll published during his lifetime (Zipes 1989, p. 73).

"Let's go and see the Professor," the Warden said [...]. The children got down off his knees, each secured a hand, and the happy trio set off for the Library—followed by me. I had come to the conclusion by this time that none of the party (except, for a few moments, the Lord Chancellor) was in the least able to see me.

"What's the matter with him?" Sylvie asked, walking with a little extra sedateness, by way of example to Bruno at the other side, who never ceased jumping up and down.

"What *was* the matter—but I hope he's all right now—was lumbago, and rheumatism, and that kind of thing. He's been curing *himself*, you know: he's a very learned doctor. Why, he's actually *invented* three new diseases, besides a new way of breaking your collar-bone!"

"Is it a nice way?" said Bruno.

"Well, hum, not *very*," the Warden said, as we entered the Library. "And here *is* the Professor. Good morning, Professor! Hope you're quite rested after your journey!"

A jolly-looking, fat little man, in a flowery dressing-gown, with a large book under each arm, came trotting in at the other end of the room, and was going straight across without taking any notice of the children. "I'm looking for Vol. Three," he said. "Do you happen to have seen it?"

"You don't see my *children*, Professor!" the Warden exclaimed, taking him by the shoulders and turning him round to face them.

The Professor laughed violently: then he gazed at them through his great spectacles, for a minute or two, without speaking.

At last he addressed Bruno. "I hope you have had a good night, my child?"

Bruno looked puzzled. "I's had the same night *oo've* had," he

replied. “There’s only been *one* night since yesterday!”

It was the Professor’s turn to look puzzled now. He took off his spectacles, and rubbed them with his hankerchief. Then he gazed at them again. Then he turned to the Warden. “Are they bound?” he enquired.

“No, we aren’t,” said Bruno, who thought himself quite able to answer *this* question.

Figure 7.1: The Professor’s visitors. Illustration by Harry Furniss, in Carroll (1889 p. 11).

The Professor shook his head sadly. "Not even half-bound?"

"Why *would* we be half-bound?" said Bruno. "We're not prisoners!"

But the Professor had forgotten all about them by this time, and was speaking to the Warden again. "You'll be glad to hear," he was saying, "that the Barometer's beginning to move—"

"Well, which way?" said the Warden—adding to the children, "Not that *I* care, you know. Only *he* thinks it affects the weather. He's a wonderfully clever man, you know. Sometimes he says things that only the Other Professor can understand. Sometimes he says things that *nobody* can understand! Which way is it, Professor? Up or down?"

"Neither!" said the Professor, gently clapping his hands. "It's going sideways—if I may so express myself."

"And what kind of weather does *that* produce?" said the Warden. "Listen, children! Now you'll hear something worth knowing!"

"Horizontal weather," said the Professor, and made straight for the door, very nearly trampling on Bruno, who had only just time to get out of his way.

"*Isn't* he learned?" the Warden said, looking after him with admiring eyes. "Positively he runs over with learning!"

"But he needn't run over *me*!" said Bruno.

The Professor was back in a moment: he had changed his dressing-gown for a frock-coat, and had put on a pair of very strange-looking boots, the tops of which were open umbrellas. "I thought you'd like to see them," he said. "*These* are the boots for horizontal weather!"

"But what's the use of wearing umbrellas round one's knees?"

"In *ordinary* rain," the Professor admitted, "they would *not* be of much use. But if ever it rained *horizontally*, you know, they would be

invaluable—simply invaluable!"

"Take the Professor to the breakfast-saloon, children," said the Warden. "And tell them not to wait for me. I had breakfast early, as I've some business to attend to." The children seized the Professor's

Figure 7.2: The Professor's boots for horizontal weather. Illustration by Harry Furniss, in Carroll (1889 p. 15).

hands, as familiarly as if they had known him for years, and hurried him away. I followed respectfully behind.

[...]

"What is it, dear children?" the Professor asked, beaming on them with a very different look from what Uggug ever got from him.

"We want you to speak to the Gardener for us," Sylvie said, as she and Bruno took the old man's hands and led him into the hall.

"He's ever so unkind!" Bruno mournfully added. "They's *all* unkind to us, now that Father's gone. The Lion were *much* nicer!"

"But you must explain to me, please," the Professor said with an anxious look, "*which* is the Lion, and *which* is the Gardener. It's *most* important not to get two such animals confused together. And one's very liable to do it in their case—both having mouths, you know—"

"Doos oo *always* confuses two animals together?" Bruno asked.

"Pretty often, I'm afraid," the Professor candidly confessed. "Now, for instance, there's the rabbit-hutch and the hall-clock." The Professor pointed them out. "One gets a little confused with *them*—both having doors, you know. Now, only yesterday—would you believe it?—I put some lettuces into the clock, and tried to wind up the rabbit!"

"Did the rabbit *go*, after oo wounded it up?" said Bruno.

The Professor clasped his hands on the top of his head, and groaned. "Go? I should think it *did* go! Why, it's *gone*! And where ever it's gone to—that's what I *ca'n't* find out! I've done my best—I've read all the article 'Rabbit' in the great dictionary—— Come in!"

"Only the tailor, Sir, with your little bill," said a meek voice outside the door.

"Ah, well, I can soon settle *his* business," the Professor said to the children, "if you'll just wait a minute. How much is it, this year, my man?" The tailor had come in while he was speaking.

"Well, it's been a doubling so many years, you see," the tailor replied, a little gruffly, "and I think I'd like the money now. It's two thousand pound, it is!"

"Oh, that's nothing!" the Professor carelessly remarked, feeling in his pocket, as if he always carried at least *that* amount about with him. "But wouldn't you like to wait just another year, and make it *four* thousand? Just think how rich you'd be! Why, you might be a *King*, if you liked!"

"I don't know as I'd care about being a *King*," the man said thoughtfully. "But it *dew* sound a powerful sight o' money! Well, I think I'll wait——"

"Of course you will!" said the Professor. "There's good sense in *you*, I see. Good-day to you, my man!"

"Will you ever have to pay him that four thousand pounds?" Sylvie asked as the door closed on the departing creditor.

"*Never*, my child!" the Professor replied emphatically. "He'll go on doubling it, till he dies. You see it's *always* worth while waiting another year, to get twice as much money! And now what would you like to do, my little friends? Shall I take you to see the Other Professor? This would be an excellent opportunity for a visit," he said to himself, glancing at his watch: "he generally takes a short rest—of fourteen minutes and a half—about this time."

Bruno hastily went round to Sylvie, who was standing at the other side of the Professor, and put his hand into hers. "I *thinks* we'd like to go," he said doubtfully: "only please let's go all together. It's best to be on the safe side, oo know!"

"Why, you talk as if you were *Sylvie*!" exclaimed the Professor.

"I know I did," Bruno replied very humbly. "I quite forgotted I wasn't Sylvie. Only I fought he might be rarver fierce!"

The Professor laughed a jolly laugh. "Oh, he's quite tame!" he said. "He never bites. He's only a little—a little *dreamy*, you know." He took hold of Bruno's other hand, and led the children down a long passage I had never noticed before—not that there was anything remarkable in *that*: I was constantly coming on new rooms and passages in that mysterious Palace, and very seldom succeeded in finding the old ones again.

Near the end of the passage the Professor stopped. "This is his room," he said, pointing to the solid wall.

"We ca'n't get in through *there*!" Bruno exclaimed.

Sylvie said nothing, till she had carefully examined whether the wall opened anywhere. Then she laughed merrily: "You're playing us a trick, you dear old thing!" she said. "There's no *door* here!"

"There isn't any door to the room," said the Professor. "We shall have to climb in at the window."

So we went into the garden, and soon found the window of the Other Professor's room. It was a ground-floor window, and stood invitingly open: the Professor first lifted the two children in, and then he and I climbed in after them.

The Other Professor was seated at a table, with a large book open before him, on which his forehead was resting: he had clasped his arms round the book, and was snoring heavily. "He usually reads like that," the Professor remarked, "when the book's very interesting: and then sometimes it's very difficult to get him to attend!"

This seemed to be one of the difficult times: the Professor lifted him up, once or twice, and shook him violently: but he always re-

turned to his book the moment he was let go of, and showed by his heavy breathing that the book was as interesting as ever.

"How dreamy he is!" the Professor exclaimed. "He must have got to a *very* interesting part of the book!" And he rained quite a shower of thumps on the Other Professor's back, shouting "Hoy! Hoy!" all the time. "Isn't it *wonderful* that he should be so dreamy?" he said to Bruno.

"If he's always as *sleepy* as that," Bruno remarked, "a *course* he's dreamy!"

"But what are we to *do*?" said the Professor. "You see he's quite wrapped up in the book!"

"Suppose oo *shuts* the book?" Bruno suggested.

"That's it!" cried the delighted Professor. "Of course that'll do

Figure 7.3: The Other Professor, sleeping. By Harry Furniss, in Carroll (1889 p. 134).

it!" And he shut up the book so quickly that he caught the Other Professor's nose between the leaves, and gave it a severe pinch.

The Other Professor instantly rose to his feet, and carried the book away to the end of the room, where he put it back in its place in the book-case. "I've been reading for eighteen hours and three-quarters," he said, "and now I shall rest for fourteen minutes and a half. Is the Lecture all ready?"

"Very nearly," the Professor humbly replied. "I shall ask you to give me a hint or two—there will be a few little difficulties——"

"And a Banquet, I think you said?"

"Oh, yes! The Banquet comes *first*, of course. People never enjoy Abstract Science,

you know, when they're ravenous with hunger. And then there's the Fancy-Dress-Ball. Oh, there'll be lots of entertainment!"

"Where will the Ball come in?" said the Other Professor.

"I *think* it had better come at the beginning of the Banquet—it brings people together so nicely, you know."

"Yes, that's the right order. First the Meeting: then the Eating: then the Treating—for I'm sure any Lecture *you* give us will be a treat!" said the Other Professor, who had been standing with his back to us all this time, occupying himself in taking the books out, one by one, and turning them upside-down. An easel, with a black board on it, stood near him: and, every time that he turned a book upside-down, he made a mark on the board with a piece of chalk.

[...]

...somehow—I failed to notice the exact process—we all found ourselves in the Pavilion, and the Professor in the act of beginning

the long-expected Lecture.

"In Science—in fact, in most things—it is usually best *to begin at the beginning*. In *some* things, of course, it's better to begin at the *other* end. For instance, if you wanted to paint a dog green, it *might* be best to begin with the *tail*, as it doesn't bite at *that* end. And so——"

"May *I* help oo?" Bruno interrupted.

"Help me to do *what*?" said the puzzled Professor, looking up for a moment, but keeping his finger on the book he was reading from, so as not to lose his place.

"To paint a dog green!" cried Bruno. "*Oo* can begin wiz its *mouf*, and I'll——"

"No, no!" said the Professor. "We haven't got to the *Experiments* yet. And so," returning to his note-book, "I'll give you the Axioms of Science. After that I shall exhibit some Specimens. Then I shall explain a Process or two. And I shall conclude with a few Experiments. An *Axiom*, you know, is a thing that you accept without contradiction. For instance, if I were to say 'Here we are!', that would be accepted without any contradiction, and it's a nice sort of remark to *begin* a conversation with. So it would be an *Axiom*. Or again, supposing I were to say 'Here we are not!' *that* would be——"

"—a fib!" cried Bruno.

"Oh, *Bruno*!" said Sylvie in a warning whisper. "Of course it would be an *Axiom*, if the Professor said it!"

"—that would be accepted, if people were civil," continued the Professor; "so it would be *another* Axiom."

"It *might* be an Axledum," Bruno said: "but it wouldn't be *true*!"

"Ignorance of Axioms," the Lecturer continued, "is a great drawback in life. It wastes so much time to have to say them over and over again. For instance, take the Axiom '*Nothing is greater than itself*'; that

is, '*Nothing can contain itself.*' How often you hear people say 'He was so excited, he was quite unable to contain himself,' Why, *of course* he was unable! The *excitement* had nothing to do with it!"

"I say, look here, you know!" said the Emperor, who was getting a little restless. "How many Axioms are you going to give us? At *this* rate, we sha'n't get to the *Experiments* till to-morrow-week!"

"Oh, sooner than *that*, I assure you!" the Professor replied, looking up in alarm. "There are only," (he referred to his notes again) "only *two* more, that are really *necessary*."

"Read 'em out, and get on to the *Specimens*," grumbled the Emperor.

"The *First* Axiom," the Professor read out in a great hurry, "consists of these words, '*Whatever is, is.*' And the Second consists of *these* words, '*Whatever isn't, isn't.*' We will now go on to the *Specimens*. The first tray contains Crystals and other Things." He drew it towards him, and again referred to his note-book. "Some of the labels—owing to insufficient adhesion——" Here he stopped again, and carefully examined the page with his eyeglass. "I ca'n't quite read the rest of the sentence," he said at last, "but it *means* that the labels have come loose, and the Things have got mixed——"

"Let *me* stick 'em on again!" cried Bruno eagerly, and began licking them, like postage-stamps, and dabbing them down upon the Crystals and the other Things. But the Professor hastily moved the tray out of his reach. "They *might* get fixed to the *wrong* Specimens, you know!" he said.

"Oo shouldn't have any *wrong* peppermints in the tray!" Bruno boldly replied. "*Should* he, Sylvie?"

But Sylvie only shook her head.

The Professor heard him not. He had taken up one of the bottles,

and was carefully reading the label through his eye-glass. "Our first Specimen——" he announced, as he placed the

bottle in front of the other Things, "is—that is, it is called——" here he took it up, and examined the label again, as if he thought it might have changed since he last saw it, "is called Aqua Pura—common water—the fluid that cheers——"

"Hip! Hip! Hip!" the Head-Cook began enthusiastically.

"—but *not* inebriates!" the Professor went on quickly, but only just in time to check the "Hooroar!" which was beginning.

"Our second Specimen," he went on, carefully opening a small jar, "is——" here he removed the lid, and a large beetle instantly darted out, and with an angry buzz went straight out of the Pavilion, "—is—or rather, I should say," looking sadly into the empty jar, "it *was*—a curious kind of Blue Beetle. Did any one happen to remark—as it went past—three blue spots under each wing?"

Nobody had remarked them.

"Ah, well!" the Professor said with a sigh. "It's a pity. Unless you remark that kind of thing *at the moment*, it's very apt to get overlooked! The *next* Specimen, at any rate, will not fly away! It is—in short, or perhaps, more correctly, at *length*—an *Elephant*. You will observe——." Here he beckoned to the Gardener to come up on the platform, and with his help began putting together what looked like an enormous dog-kennel, with short tubes projecting out of it on both sides.

"But we've seen *Elephants* before," the Emperor grumbled.

"Yes, but not through a *Megaloscope*!" the Professor eagerly replied. "You know you can't see a *Flea*, properly, without a *magnifying*-glass—what we call a *Microscope*. Well, just in the same way, you ca'n't see an *Elephant*, properly, without a *minimifying*-glass. There's one in each of these little tubes. And *this* is a *Megaloscope*! The

Gardener will now bring in the next Specimen. Please open *both* curtains, down at the end there, and make way for the Elephant!"

There was a general rush to the sides of the Pavilion, and all eyes were turned to the open end, watching for the return of the Gardener, who had gone away singing "*He thought he saw an Elephant that practised on a Fife!*"

There was silence for a minute: and then his harsh voice was heard again in the distance. "*He looked again*—come up, then! *He looked again, and found it was*—woa back! *and, found it was A letter from his*—make way there! He's a-coming!"

And in marched, or waddled—it is hard to say which is the right word—an Elephant, on its hind-legs, and playing on an enormous fife which it held with its fore-feet.

The Professor hastily threw open a large door at the end of the Megaloscope, and the huge animal, at a signal from the Gardener, dropped the fife, and obediently trotted into the machine, the door of which was at once shut by the Professor. "The Specimen is now ready for observation!" he proclaimed. "It is exactly the size of the Common Mouse—*Mus Communis*!"

There was a general rush to the tubes, and the spectators watched with delight the minikin creature, as it playfully coiled its trunk round the Professor's extended finger, finally taking its stand upon the palm of his hand, while he carefully lifted it out, and carried it off to exhibit to the Imperial party.

"Isn't it a *darling*?" cried Bruno. "May I stroke it, please? I'll touch it *welly* gently!"

The Empress inspected it solemnly with her eye-glass. "It is very small," she said in a deep voice. "Smaller than elephants usually are, I believe?"

The Professor gave a start of delighted surprise. "Why, that's *true*!" he murmured to himself. Then louder, turning to the audience,

"Her Imperial Highness has made a remark which is perfectly sensible!" And a wild cheer arose from that vast multitude.

"The next Specimen," the Professor proclaimed, after carefully placing the little Elephant in the tray, among the Crystals and other Things, "is a *Flea*, which we will enlarge for the purposes of observation." Taking a small pill-box from the tray, he advanced to the Megaloscope, and reversed all the tubes. "The Specimen is ready!" he cried, with his eye at one of the tubes, while he carefully emptied the pill-box through a little hole at the side. "It is now the size of the Common Horse—*Equus Communis*!"

There was another general rush, to look through the tubes, and the Pavilion rang with shouts of delight, through which the Professor's anxious tones could scarcely be heard. "Keep the door of the Microscope *shut*!" he cried. "If the creature were to escape, *this size*, it would——" But the mischief was done. The door had swung open, and in another moment the Monster had got out, and was trampling down the terrified, shrieking spectators.

But the Professor's presence of mind did not desert him. "Undraw those curtains!" he shouted. It was done. The Monster gathered its legs together, and in one tremendous bound vanished into the sky.

"Where *is* it?" said the Emperor, rubbing his eyes.

"In the next Province, I fancy," the Professor replied. "That jump would take it at *least* five miles! The next thing is to explain a Process or two. But I find there is hardly room enough to operate—the smaller animal is rather in my way——"

"Who does he mean?" Bruno whispered to Sylvie.

"He means *you*!" Sylvie whispered back. "Hush!"

"Be kind enough to move—angularly—to *this* corner," the Professor said, addressing himself to Bruno.

Bruno hastily moved his chair in the direction indicated. "Did I move angrily enough?" he inquired. But the Professor was once more absorbed in his Lecture, which he was reading from his note-book.

"I will now explain the Process of—the name is blotted, I'm sorry to say. It will be illustrated by a number of—of——" here he examined the page for some time, and at last said "It seems to be either 'Experiments' or 'Specimens'——"

"Let it be *Experiments*," said the Emperor. "We've seen plenty of *Specimens*."

"Certainly, certainly!" the Professor assented. "We will have some Experiments."

"May *I* do them?" Bruno eagerly asked.

"Oh dear no!" The Professor looked dismayed. "I really don't know what would happen if *you* did them!"

"Nor nobody doosn't know what'll happen if *oo* doos them!" Bruno retorted.

"Our First Experiment requires a Machine. It has two knobs—only *two*—you can count them, if you like."

The Head-Cook stepped forwards, counted them, and retired satisfied.

"Now you *might* press those two knobs together—but that's not the way to do it. Or you *might* turn the Machine upside-down—but *that's* not the way to do it!"

"What *are* the way to do it?" said Bruno, who was listening very attentively.

The Professor smiled benignantly. "Ah, yes!" he said, in a voice like the heading of a chapter. "The Way To Do It! Permit me!" and in a

moment he had whisked Bruno upon the table. "I divide my subject," he began, "into three parts——"

"I think I'll get down!" Bruno whispered to Sylvie. "It aren't nice to be divided!"

"He hasn't got a knife, silly boy!" Sylvie whispered in reply. "Stand still! You'll break all the bottles!"

"The first part is to take hold of the knobs," putting them into Bruno's hands. "The second part is——" Here he turned the handle, and, with a loud "Oh!", Bruno dropped both the knobs, and began rubbing his elbows.

The Professor chuckled in delight. "It had a sensible effect. *Hadn't* it?" he enquired.

"No, it hadn't a *sensible* effect!" Bruno said indignantly. "It were very silly indeed. It jingled my elbows, and it banged my back, and it crinkled my hair, and it buzzed among my bones!"

"I'm sure it *didn't*!" said Sylvie. "You're only inventing!"

"Oo doosn't know nuffin about it!" Bruno replied. "Oo wasn't there to see. Nobody ca'n't go among my bones. There isn't room!"

"Our Second Experiment," the Professor announced, as Bruno returned to his place, still thoughtfully rubbing his elbows, "is the production of that seldom-seen-but-greatly-to-be-admired phenomenon, Black Light! You have seen White Light, Red Light, Green Light, and so on: but never, till this wonderful day, have any eyes but mine seen *Black Light*! This box," carefully lifting it upon the table, and covering it with a heap of blankets, "is quite full of it. The way I made it was this—I took a lighted candle into a dark cupboard and shut the door. Of course the cupboard was then full of *Yellow* Light. Then I took a bottle of Black ink, and poured it over the candle: and, to my delight, every atom of the Yellow Light turned *Black*! That was indeed

the proudest moment of my life! Then I filled a box with it. And now—would any one like to get under the blankets and see it?"

Dead silence followed this appeal: but at last Bruno said "*I'll* get under, if it won't jingle my elbows."

Satisfied on this point, Bruno crawled under the blankets, and, after a minute or two, crawled out again, very hot and dusty, and with his hair in the wildest confusion.

"What did you see in the box?" Sylvie eagerly enquired.

"I saw *nuffin*!" Bruno sadly replied. "It were too dark!"

"He has described the appearance of the thing exactly!" the Professor exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Black Light, and Nothing, look so extremely alike, at first sight, that I don't wonder he failed to distinguish them! We will now proceed to the Third Experiment."

The Professor came down, and led the way to where a post had been driven firmly into the ground. To one side of the post was fastened a chain, with an iron weight hooked on to the end of it, and from the other side projected a piece of whalebone, with a ring at the end of it. "This is a *most* interesting Experiment!" the Professor announced. "It will need *time*, I'm afraid: but that is a trifling disadvantage. Now observe. If I were to unhook this weight, and let go, it would fall to the ground. You do not deny *that*?"

Nobody denied it.

"And in the same way, if I were to bend this piece of whalebone round the post—thus—and put the ring over this hook—thus—it stays bent: but, if I unhook it, it straightens itself again. You do not deny *that*?"

Again, nobody denied it.

"Well, now, suppose we left things just as they are, for a long time. The force of the *whalebone* would get exhausted, you know, and it

would stay bent, even when you unhooked it. Now, *why* shouldn't the same thing happen with the *weight*? The *whalebone* gets so used to being bent, that it ca'n't *straighten* itself any more. Why shouldn't the *weight* get so used to being held up, that it ca'n't *fall* any more? That's what *I* want to know!"

"That's what *we* want to know!" echoed the crowd.

"How long must we wait?" grumbled the Emperor.

Figure 7.4: The Professor's lively lecture. Illustration by Harry Furniss in *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (Carroll 1893, p. 345).

The Professor looked at his watch. "Well, I *think* a thousand years will do to *begin* with," he said. "Then we will cautiously unhook the weight: and, if it *still* shows (as perhaps it will) a *slight* tendency to fall, we will hook it on to the chain again, and leave it for *another* thousand years."

Here the Empress experienced one of those flashes of Common Sense which were the surprise of all around her. "Meanwhile there'll be time for another Experiment," she said.

"There will *indeed*!" cried the delighted Professor. "Let us return to the platform, and proceed to the *Fourth* Experiment!"

"For this concluding Experiment, I will take a certain Alkali, or Acid—I forget which. Now you'll see what will happen when I mix it with Some——" here he took up a bottle, and looked at it doubtfully, "—when I mix it with—with Something——"

Here the Emperor interrupted. "What's the *name* of the stuff?" he asked.

"I don't remember the *name*," said the Professor: "and the label has come off." He emptied it quickly into the other bottle, and, with a tremendous bang, both bottles flew to pieces, upsetting all the machines, and filling the Pavilion with thick black smoke. I sprang to my feet in terror, and—and found myself standing before my solitary hearth, where the poker, dropping at last from the hand of the sleeper, had knocked over the tongs and the shovel, and had upset the kettle, filling the air with clouds of steam. With a weary sigh, I betook myself to bed.

Chapter 8

Scholar Hunting, in Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (1893)

In most children's literature texts that feature professors, the university is an incidental setting, which is given scant attention. In *Sylvie and Bruno* (Carroll 1889) and *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (Carroll 1893) there is much satire on the organisation of the university itself. In this excerpt, we see the narrator question 'Mein Herr'—a traveller, possibly from another planet, with much experience of universities—about his experience of the admissions system, indicating how ridiculous, and dependent on finances, it has become.

"THIS HAS BEEN a long interruption to our conversation," I said. "Pray let us go on!"

"Willingly!" replied the gentle old man. "I was much interested in what you——" He paused a moment, and passed his hand uneasily across his brow. "One forgets," he murmured. "What was I saying? Oh! Something you were to tell me. Yes. Which of your teachers do you value the most highly, those whose words are easily understood, or those who puzzle you at every turn?"

I felt obliged to admit that we generally admired most the teachers we couldn't quite understand.

"Just so," said Mein Herr. "That's the way it begins. Well, *we* were at that stage some eighty years ago—or was it ninety? Our favourite teacher got more obscure every year; and every year we admired him more—just as *your* Art-fanciers call *mist* the fairest feature in a landscape, and admire a view with frantic delight when they can see nothing! Now I'll tell you how it ended. It was Moral Philosophy that our idol lectured on. Well, his pupils couldn't make head or tail of it, but they got it all by heart; and, when Examination-time came, they wrote it down; and the Examiners said 'Beautiful! What depth!'"

"But what good was it to the young men *afterwards*?"

"Why, don't you see?" replied Mein Herr. "*They* became teachers in their turn, and *they* said all these things over again; and *their* pupils wrote it all down; and the Examiners accepted it; and nobody had the ghost of an idea what it all meant!"

"And how did it end?"

"It ended this way. We woke up one fine day, and found there was no one in the place that knew *anything* about Moral Philosophy. So we abolished it, teachers, classes, examiners, and all. And if any one wanted to learn anything about it, he had to make it out for himself;

and after another twenty years or so there were several men that really knew something about it! Now tell me another thing. How long do you teach a youth before you examine him, in your Universities?"

I told him, three or four years.

"Just so, just what *we* did!" he exclaimed. "We taught 'em a bit, and, just as they were beginning to take it in, we took it all out again! We pumped our wells dry before they were a quarter full—we stripped our orchards while the apples were still in blossom—we applied the severe logic of arithmetic to our chickens, while peacefully slumbering in their shells! Doubtless it's the early bird that picks up the worm—but if the bird gets up so outrageously early that the worm is still deep underground, what *then* is its chance of a breakfast?"

Not much, I admitted.

"Now see how that works!" he went on eagerly. "If you want to pump your wells so soon—and I suppose you tell me that is what you *must* do?"

"We must," I said. "In an over-crowded country like this, nothing but Competitive Examinations——"

Mein Herr threw up his hands wildly. "What, *again*?" he cried. "I thought it was dead, fifty years ago! Oh this Upas tree of Competitive Examinations! Beneath whose deadly shade all the original genius, all the exhaustive research, all the untiring life-long diligence by which our fore-fathers have so advanced human knowledge, must slowly but surely wither away, and give place to a system of Cookery, in which the human mind is a sausage, and all we ask is, how much indigestible stuff can be crammed into it!"

Always, after these bursts of eloquence, he seemed to forget himself for a moment, and only to hold on to the thread of thought by some single word. "Yes, *crammed*," he repeated. "We went through all

that stage of the disease—had it bad, I warrant you! Of course, as the Examination was all in all, we tried to put in just what was wanted—and the *great* thing to aim at was, that the Candidate should know absolutely *nothing* beyond the needs of the Examination! I don't say it was ever *quite* achieved: but one of my own pupils (pardon an old man's egotism) came very near it. After the Examination, he mentioned to me the few facts which he knew but had *not* been able to bring in, and I can assure you they were trivial, Sir, absolutely trivial!"

I feebly expressed my surprise and delight.

The old man bowed, with a gratified smile, and proceeded. "At that time, no one had hit on the much more rational plan of watching for the individual scintillations of genius, and rewarding them as they occurred. As it was, we made our unfortunate pupil into a Leyden-jar, charged him up to the eyelids—then applied the knob of a Competitive Examination, and drew off one magnificent spark, which very often cracked the jar! What mattered *that*? We labeled it 'First Class Spark,' and put it away on the shelf."

"But the more rational system——?" I suggested.

"Ah, yes! *that* came next. Instead of giving the whole reward of learning in one lump, we used to pay for every good answer as it occurred. How well I remember lecturing in those days, with a heap of small coins at my elbow! It was 'A *very* good answer, Mr. Jones!' (that meant a shilling, mostly). 'Bravo, Mr. Robinson!' (that meant half-a-crown). Now I'll tell you how *that* worked. Not one single fact would any of them take in, without a fee! And when a clever boy came up from school, he got paid more for learning than we got paid for teaching him! Then came the wildest craze of all."

"What, *another* craze?" I said.

"It's the last one," said the old man. "I must have tired you out

with my long story. Each College wanted to get the clever boys: so we adopted a system which we had heard was very popular in England: the Colleges competed against each other, and the boys let themselves out to the highest bidder! What geese we were! Why, they were bound to come to the University *somehow*. We needn't have paid 'em! And all our money went in getting clever boys to come to one College rather than another! The competition was so keen, that at last mere money-payments were not enough. Any College, that wished to secure some specially clever young man, had to waylay him at the Station, and hunt him through the streets. The first who touched him was allowed to have him."

"That hunting-down of the scholars, as they arrived, must have been a curious business," I said. "Could you give me some idea of what it was like?"

"Willingly!" said the old man. "I will describe to you the very last Hunt that took place, before that form of Sport (for it was actually reckoned among the *Sports* of the day: we called it 'Cub-Hunting')

Figure 8.1: 'Scholar Hunting: The Pursued and the Pursuers'. Illustration by Harry Furniss, in *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (Carroll 1893, pp. 188–189).

was finally abandoned. I witnessed it myself, as I happened to be passing by at the moment, and was what we called 'in at the death.' I can see it now!" he went on in an excited tone, gazing into vacancy with those large dreamy eyes of his. "It seems like yesterday; and yet it happened——" He checked himself hastily, and the remaining words died away into a whisper.

"*How* many years ago did you say?" I asked, much interested in the prospect of at last learning *some* definite fact in his history.

"*Many* years ago," he replied. "The scene at the Railway-Station had been (so they told me) one of wild excitement. Eight or nine Heads of Colleges had assembled at the gates (no one was allowed inside), and the Station-Master had drawn a line on the pavement, and insisted on their all standing behind it. The gates were flung open! The young man darted through them, and fled like lightning down the street, while the Heads of Colleges actually *yelled* with excitement on catching sight of him! The Proctor gave the word, in the old statutory form, '*Semel! Bis! Ter! Currite!*', and the Hunt began! Oh, it was a fine sight, believe me! At the first corner he dropped his Greek Lexicon: further on, his railway-rug: then various small articles: then his umbrella: lastly, what I suppose he prized most, his hand-bag: but the game was up: the spherical Principal of—of——"

"Of *which* College?" I said.

"—of *one* of the Colleges," he resumed, "had put into operation the Theory—his own discovery—of Accelerated Velocity, and captured him just opposite to where I stood. I shall never forget that wild breathless struggle! But it was soon over. Once in those great bony hands, escape was impossible!"

"May I ask why you speak of him as the '*spherical*' Principal?" I said.

"The epithet referred to his *shape*, which was a perfect *sphere*. You are aware that a bullet, another instance of a perfect sphere, when falling in a perfectly straight line, moves with Accelerated Velocity?"

I bowed assent.

"Well, my spherical friend (as I am proud to call him) set himself to investigate the *causes* of this. He found them to be *three*. One; that it is a perfect *sphere*. Two; that it moves in a *straight line*. Three; that its direction is *not upwards*. When these three conditions are fulfilled, you get Accelerated Velocity."

"Hardly," I said: "if you will excuse my differing from you. Suppose we apply the theory to *horizontal* motion. If a bullet is fired *horizontally*, it——"

"—it does *not* move in a *straight line*," he quietly finished my sentence for me.

"I yield the point," I said. "What did your friend do next?"

"The next thing was to apply the theory, as you rightly suggest, to *horizontal* motion. But the moving body, ever tending to *fall*, needs *constant support*, if it is to move in a true horizontal line. 'What, then,' he asked himself, 'will *give constant support to a moving body*?' And his answer was '*Human legs!*' *That* was the discovery that immortalised his name!"

"His name being——?" I suggested.

"I had not mentioned it," was the gentle reply of my most unsatisfactory informant. "His next step was an obvious one. He took to a diet of suet-dumplings, until his body had become a perfect sphere. *Then* he went out for his first experimental run—which nearly cost him his life!"

"How was *that*?"

"Well, you see, he had no idea of the *tremendous* new Force in

Nature that he was calling into play. He began too fast. In a very few minutes he found himself moving at a hundred miles an hour! And, if he had not had the presence of mind to charge into the middle of a haystack (which he scattered to the four winds) there can be no doubt that he would have left the Planet he belonged to, and gone right away into Space!"

"And how came that to be the *last* of the Cub-Hunts?" I enquired.

"Well, you see, it led to a rather scandalous dispute between two of the Colleges. *Another* Principal had laid his hand on the young man, so nearly at the same moment as the *spherical* one, that there was no knowing which had touched him first. The dispute got into print, and did us no credit, and, in short, Cub-Hunts came to an end. Now I'll tell you what cured us of that wild craze of ours, the bidding against each other, for the clever scholars, just as if they were articles to be sold by auction! Just when the craze had reached its highest point, and when one of the Colleges had actually advertised a Scholarship of one thousand pounds *per annum*, one of our tourists brought us the manuscript of an old African legend—I happen to have a copy of it in my pocket. Shall I translate it for you?"

"Pray go on," I said, though I felt I was getting *very* sleepy.

Chapter 9

The Brownies in the Academy, in Palmer Cox's *Another Brownie Book* (1890)

In the 1890s, the Canadian author and illustrator Palmer Cox produced several books about brownies: nocturnal household spirits in British folklore who perform chores and tasks while the house-owners sleep. Cox's brownies hold a mirror up to Victorian places, institutions, and society.

Most children's literature about universities and places of Higher Education are firmly focussed on the professors and scholars who inhabit them: but in this poem we see the Academy portrayed as a place of science, medicine, anatomy, experimentation, and technological innovation. Cox's illustrations provide a child-like vantage point on the recently established places of scientific learning. The piece 'spices logic with a joke' as it is both respectful of science and intellectual endeavour, while raising an eyebrow at the pace of technological development, and the scientific approaches, which, when isolated, can seem ridiculous (and to us, outmoded).

The poem is presented here as published, to retain the layout of text and illustration on the page.

THE BROWNIES IN THE ACADEMY.

THE Brownies once with capers spry
To an Academy drew nigh,
Which, founded by a generous hand,
Spread light and learning through the land.
The students, by ambition fired,
And men of science had retired;
So Brownies, through their mystic power,
Now took advantage of the hour.
A battery was soon displayed,
And strange experiments were made;
Electric currents were applied
To meadow-frogs they found inside,
Which sage professors, nights and days,
Had gathered up, in various ways.
To making pills some turned the mind,
While some to Dentistry inclined,
And aching teeth, both small and large,
Were there extracted free of charge.

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Figure 9.1: Verse and illustrations by Palmer Cox (1890, p. 7).

THE BROWNIES IN THE ACADEMY.

More gazed where phrenologic charts
Showed heads partitioned off in parts.
Said one: "Let others knowledge gain
Through which to conquer ache and pain,
But by these charts I 'll do my best
To learn where Fancy makes her nest."
Another cried, as he surveyed
The bumps that were so well arrayed:
"These heads exhibit, full and clear,
Which one to love and whom to fear;
Who is with noble thoughts inspired,
And who with hate or envy fired;
The man as timid as the hare,
The man destructive as the bear.
While choosing partners, one may find
It well to keep these charts in mind."

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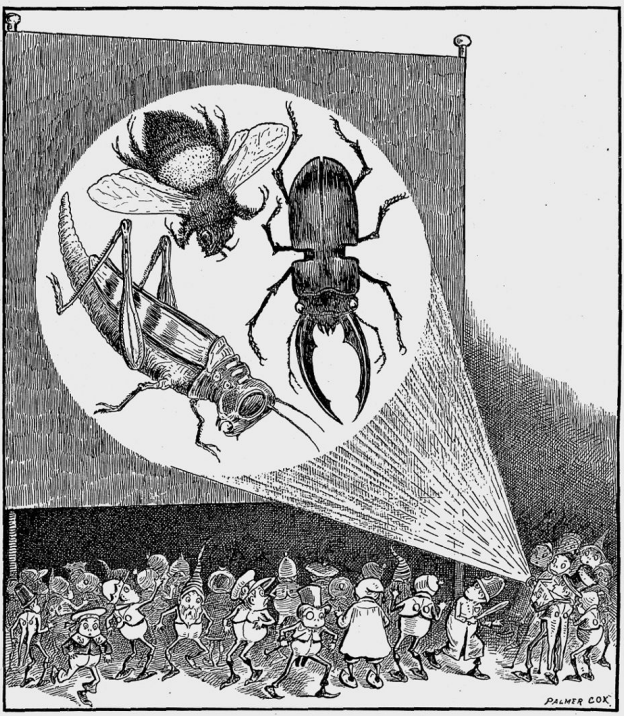
Figure 9.2: Verse and illustrations by Palmer Cox (1890, p. 8).

THE BROWNIES IN THE ACADEMY.

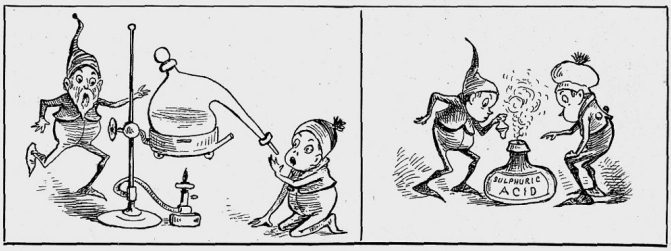
A microscope at length they found;
And next, the Brownies gathered round
A stereopticon machine
That cast its rays upon a screen.
A thousand times it magnified,
Till, stretching out on every side,



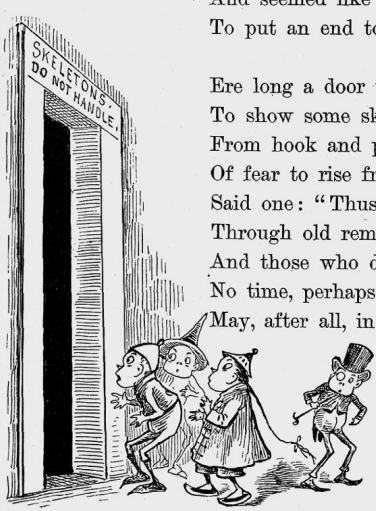
9

Figure 9.3: Verse and illustrations by Palmer Cox (1890, p. 9).

THE BROWNIES IN THE ACADEMY.



An object large and larger spread,
And filled the gazing group with dread.
The locust, beetle, and the bee
Soon gained proportions strange to see,
And seemed like monsters close at hand
To put an end to all the band.



Ere long a door was open swung,
To show some skeletons that hung
From hook and peg, which caused a shout
Of fear to rise from those about.
Said one: "Thus Science works its way
Through old remains from day to day;
And those who during life could find
No time, perhaps, to aid mankind,
May, after all, in some such place
For years assist the human race
By giving students, as you see,
Some knowledge of Anatomy."

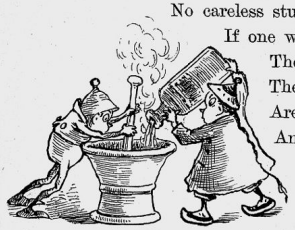
At other times, all breathless grouped
O'er crucibles, the Brownies stooped

10

Figure 9.4: Verse and illustrations by Palmer Cox (1890, p. 10).

THE BROWNIES IN THE ACADEMY.

To separate, with greatest skill,
The grains which cure from those that kill;
While burning acids, blazes blue,
And odors strong confused the crew.
Cried one: "Through trials hard to bear,
The student must himself prepare,
Though mixing paint, or mixing pill—
Or mixing phrases, if you will—
No careless study satisfies
If one would to distinction rise;
The minds that shed from pole to pole
The light of years, as round we roll,
Are first enriched through patient toil,
And kindled by the midnight oil."



Thus, spicing logic with a joke,
They chatted on till morning broke;
And then with wild and rapid race
The Brownie band forsook the place.

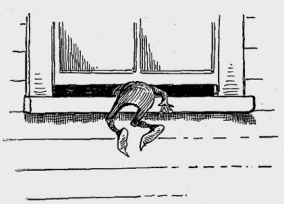


Figure 9.5: Verse and illustrations by Palmer Cox (1890, p. 11).

Chapter 10

Professor Goggles, in Peter Newell's *Topsys and Turvys* (1893)

Professors often appear in children's literature with no introduction, building on previously understood stereotypes about their behaviour, appearance, and typical subject area. Peter Newell's *Topsys and Turvys* (1893) is a children's book with ambiguous images that can be viewed either way up, playing with aspects of cognition and description, for amusement. The professor here, a taxidermist, is a very strange beast, presented with no further information.

Newell was an American artist and writer who both wrote and illustrated children's literature, working for a range of popular periodicals and illustrating well-known texts, as well as producing comic strips. *Topsys and Turvys* was one of his popular children's books which experimented with the affordances of the reading experience and was so successful, a second volume was issued in 1894 (Newell 1894).

The aspect of the original image has been preserved.

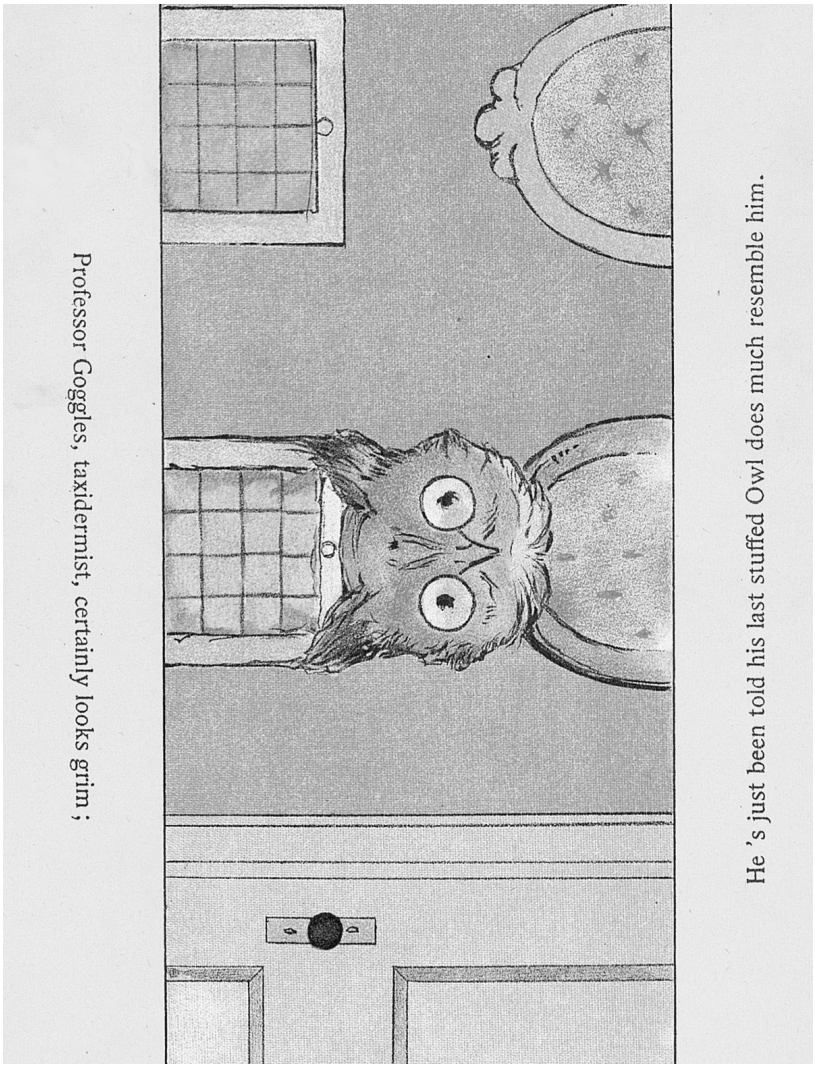


Figure 10.1: Professor Goggles, the reversible taxidermist. Verse and illustration by Peter Newell (1893, p. 19).

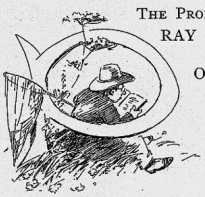
Chapter 11

The Professor, in Oliver Herford's *The Forgetful Forgetmenot* (1893)

In another example of a professor introduced without context or explanation, the reader here is expected to presume that a professor is a man of science or logic and investigation. In this tale, the scientist is intrigued to know the 'legend or romance' of where the Forgetmenot got its name, but is decisively told to go away and look it up himself, as a cover for the fact the plant itself has forgotten. In addition to being an amusing rhyme, the poem juxtaposes folklore and science: book learning is confronted with its own limits, questioning its necessity.

The English-born author and illustrator Oliver Herford emigrated to the United States as a young adult, although he was educated at university level in Europe (OhioLink, n.d.). He was known for his illustrations, books, plays, and humorous quotes on both sides of the Atlantic.

By Oliver Herford.



The Professor.

RAY tell me, sweet
Forget-me-not,
Oh, kindly tell me
where you got
Your curious
name?
I 'm most desir-
ous to be told
The legend or
romance of old
From whence it came.

Forget-me-not.

Indeed, good sir, it seems to me,
If you have books on Botany
Upon your shelf,
You 'd better far consult those books—
He learns a thing the best who looks
It up himself.

The Professor.

I 've works on Botany a few,
But though I 've searched them through
and through,
Never a word
Can I discover in the same
About your interesting name.

Forget-me-not.

Why, how absurd!

The Professor.

Quite so! And now what could I do?
I shall be most obliged if you
Will make it plain.

Forget-me-not.

Another time. One moment more,
And you 'll be drenched!
It 's going to pour:
I felt just now no less than four
Big drops of rain.
[*Exit* Professor.

Forget-me-not.

(*Aside*) Indeed, I 'd tell him if I knew;
But it would never, never do
If I explained
That, long ago, I quite forgot
Why I was called Forget-me-not
(It 's well it rained!).

Figure 11.1: Verse and illustrations by Oliver Herford (1893, p. 775).

Chapter 12

Professor Muddlehed, in Tudor Storr Jenks' *The Professor and the Patagonian Giant* (1894)

Four out of the nineteen short stories contained within *Imaginotions: Truthless Tales* (Jenks 1894) include a pejorative representation of a professor. In one, the oldest document in existence is uncovered by a scholar, 'Indeed, the university has conferred upon the professor a purple ribbon to wear on Sundays in recognition of this remarkable discovery' (p. 2). Another mocks the scientific process: 'I inclose what seems to my prosaic mind a pebble. It was picked up on the beach and playfully thrown by me at our "Professor." He, of course accidentally, caught it. After an examination, he declared that it differed from anything he had ever seen: that it was neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral. In short, he knows that he doesn't know what it is' (p. 67). In the following short story, Professor Muddlehed [*sic*] debates with a giant, in an account which mocks the tone and tenor of scientific research discussion and academic publishing.

The author, Tudor Storr Jenks, was a practising lawyer in New York, before becoming a children's author, and associate editor of *St Nicholas* magazine from 1887 to 1902.

EARLY ONE MORING during my third visit to Patagonia, as I was strolling upon the banks of the River Chico, keeping a sharp lookout for a choice specimen of the *Rutabaga Tremendosa*, I saw what, at the time, I supposed to be a large and isolated cliff. It looked blue, and consequently I supposed it to be at some distance. Resuming my search for the beautiful saffron blossom which I have already named, my attention was for some moments abstracted. After pulling the plant up by the roots, however, I happened to cast my eyes again toward the supposed cliff, and you can conceive my extreme mortification and regret when I saw that it was not a cliff at all, but a giant, and, so far as I could see, one of the most virulent species.

He was advancing at a run, and, although not exerting himself overmuch, seemed to be going at a rate of some five kilometers a minute. Much annoyed at the interruption to my researches, I paused only long enough to deposit the *Rutabaga* securely in my botany box and then broke into an accelerated trot. Do me the justice to acquit

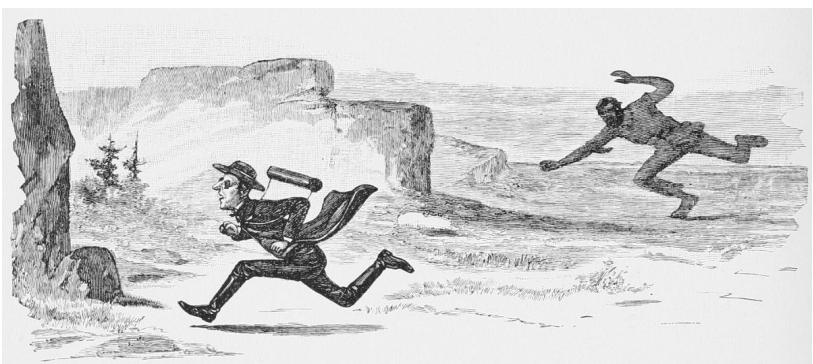


Figure 12.1: Professor Muddlehed flees. Illustration by E. B. Bensell, in Jenks (1894, p. 126).

me of any intention of entering into a contest of speed with the pursuing monster. I am not so conceited as to imagine I can cover five or even three kilometers a minute. No; I relied, rather, on the well-established scientific probability that the giant was stupid. I expected, therefore, that my head would have an opportunity to save my heels.

It was not long before I saw the need of taking immediate steps to save my specimens from destruction and myself from being eaten. He was certainly gaining upon me. As he foolishly ran with his mouth open, I noticed that his canine teeth were very well developed – not a proof, but strong evidence that he was a cannibal. I re-doubled my speed, keeping an eager eye upon the topography in the hope that I might find some cave or crevice into which I could creep and thus obtain time enough to elaborate a plan of escape. I had not run more than six or eight kilometers, I think (for distances are deceitful in that part of Patagonia or were, when I was there), when I saw a most convenient cretaceous cave.

To ensconce myself within its mineral recesses was the work of but a moment, and it was fortunate for me that it took no longer. Indeed, as I rolled myself deftly beneath a shelving rock, the giant was so near that he pulled off one of my boots.

He sat down at the entrance and breathed with astonishing force and rapidity. "Now, if he is as stupid as one of his race normally should be," I said to myself, "he will stay there for several hours, and I shall lose a great part of this beautiful day." The thought made me restless, and I looked about to see whether my surroundings would hint a solution of the situation.

I was rewarded by discovering an outlet far above me. I could see through a cleft in the rocks portions of a cirro-cumulus cloud. Fix-

ing my hat more firmly upon my head, I began the ascent. It did not take long. Indeed, my progress was, if anything, rather accelerated by the efforts of the attentive giant, who had secured a long and flexible switch, a young India-rubber tree, I think, though I did not notice its foliage closely, and was poking it with considerable violence into the cave. In fact, he lifted me some decameters at every thrust.

It may easily be understood, therefore, that I was not long upon the way. When I emerged, I was much pleased with the situation. Speaking as a military expert, it was perfect. Standing upon a commodious ledge, which seemed to have been made for the purpose, my head and shoulders projected from an opening in the cliff, which was just conveniently out of the giant's reach. As my head rose over the edge of the opening, the giant spoke:

"Aha, you're there, are you?"

"I won't deny it," I answered.

"You think you're safe, don't you?" he went on tauntingly.

"I know I am safe," I answered, with an easy confidence which was calculated to please.

"Well," he replied, "to-night I hope to eat you for supper!"

"What, then," I asked, with some curiosity, "are you going to do for dinner?"

"Oh, if that troubles you," said he, "all you have to do is to come out at dinner-time and I will eat you then."

Evidently the giant was not a witling. His answers were apt. After a moment's reflection I concluded it was worth the effort to make an appeal to his better nature – his over-soul.

"Don't you know that it is wrong to eat your fellow-beings?" I asked, with a happy mingling of austere reproach and sympathetic pain.

"Do you mean to come out soon?" asked the giant, seating himself upon an adjacent cliff, after tearing off such of the taller and stiffer trees as were in his way.

"It depends somewhat upon whether you remain where you are," I answered.

"Oh, I shall stay," said the giant, pleasantly. "Game is rare, and I haven't eaten a white man for two weeks."

This remark brought me back to my appeal to his higher being. "Then I shall remain here, too, for the present," I answered, "though I should like to get away before sunset. It's likely to be humid here after the sun sets. But, to return to my question, have you never thought that it was immoral and selfish to eat your fellow-creatures?"

"Why, certainly," said the giant, with a hearty frankness that was truly refreshing. "That is why," he went on, "I asked you whether you were coming out soon. If not, I would be glad to while the time away by explaining to you exactly how I feel about these matters. Of course I could smoke you out" (here he showed me an enormous boulder of flint and a long steel rod, the latter evidently a bit of machinery from some wrecked ocean-steamer), "but I make it a rule seldom to eat a fellow-mortal until he is fully convinced that, all things considered, I am justified in so doing."

The reference to the smoking-out process had convinced me that this was no hulking ignoramus of a giant, and for a moment I began to fear that my *Rutabaga Tremendosa* was lost to the world forever. But the latter part of his speech reassured me.

"If you can convince me that I ought to be eaten," I said, willing to be reasonable, "I shall certainly offer no objection. But I confess I have little fear that you will succeed."

"I first discovered that I was a giant," he said, absently chewing

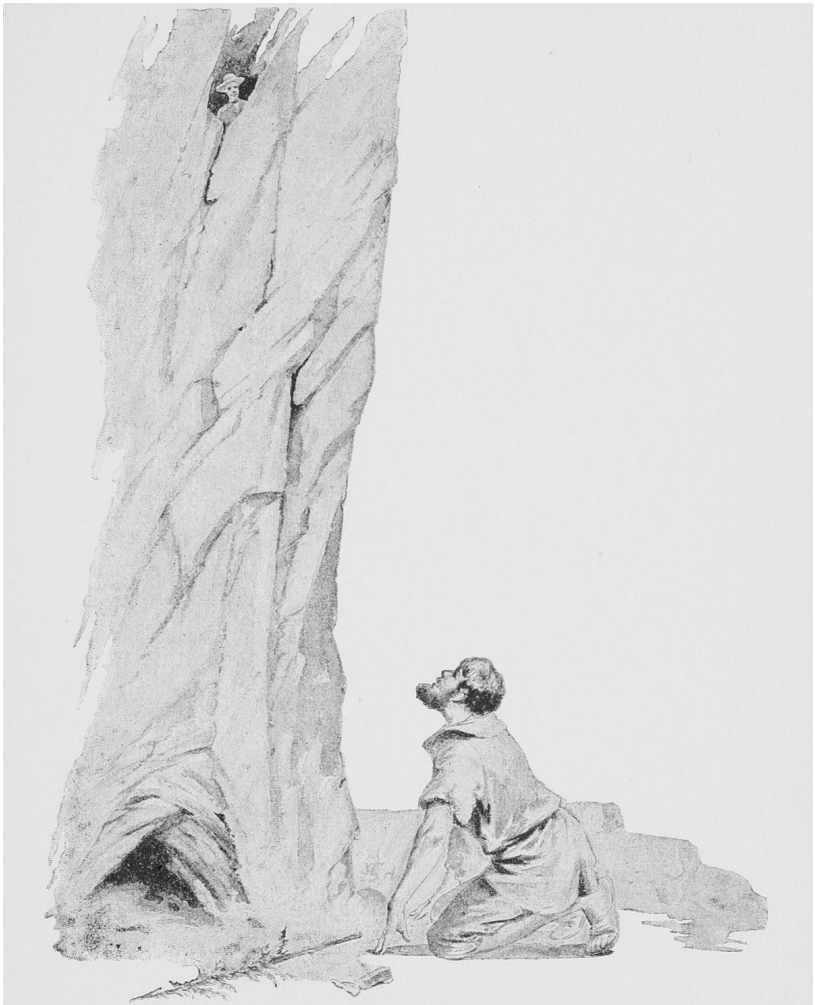


Figure 12.2: Professor Muddlehed hides. Illustration by E. B. Bensell, in Jenks (1894, p. 129).

the stem of the India-rubber tree, "at a very early age. I could not get enough to eat. I then lived in New York City, for I am an American, like yourself."

We bowed with mutual pleasure.

"I tried various sorts of work, but found I could not earn enough at any of them to pay my board-bills. I even exhibited myself in a museum, but found there the same trouble.

"I consulted my grandfather, who was a man of matured judgment and excellent sense. His advice was to leave the city and try for work in the country. I did so, and after some little trouble found employment upon a farm. I stayed there three days. Then I was told that it cost more to keep me than I was worth; which was true. So I left. Then I went to work on a railroad. There I did as much as twenty men. The result was a strike, and I was discharged."

"Is there much more autobiography?" I asked as politely as I could, for I was not at all interested in this unscientific memoir.

"Very little," he answered. "I can sum it up in a few words. Wherever I tried to get work, I was discharged, because my board was too expensive. If I tried to do more work to make up for it, the other men were dissatisfied, because it took the bread out of their mouths. Now, I put it to you, what was I to do?"

"Evidently, you were forced out of civilization," I answered, "and compelled to rely upon nature for your sustenance. That is," I went on, to forestall another question, "you had to become a hunter, trapper, or fisherman, for of course, in your case, agriculture was out of the question, as you couldn't easily get down to the ground, and would crush with your feet more crops than you could raise with your hands."

His eyes sparkled with joy at being so thoroughly understood. "Ex-

actly," he said. "But the same trouble followed me there. Wherever I settled, the inhabitants complained that what I ate would support hundreds of other people."

"Very true," I answered; "but, excuse me, could you hand me a small rock to sit upon? – it is tiresome to stand here."

"Come out," he said. "You have my word of honor, as a compatriot of George – "

"Say no more!" I broke in hastily.

I came out, and was soon, by his kind aid, perched upon the branch of a tree conveniently near.

"This argument," he said, sighing, "met me at every turn; and after much cogitation I could see no solution of the difficulty. No matter how far from the 'busy haunts of men' I proceeded, it was only to find that food grew scarcer as men were less numerous. At last I reached Patagonia, and after a few years I have eaten it almost bare. Now, to what conclusion am I driven?" I thought it over. At last I said:

"I see the extremities to which you are reduced. But upon what principle do you proceed to the next step cannibalism?"

"The greatest good to the greatest number," said he. "Whenever I eat an animal, I diminish the stock of food which supports mankind, but whenever I eat a man, I diminish the number to be supported. As all the wise men agree that it is the subsistence which is short, my course of action tends ultimately to the greater happiness of the race."

This seemed very reasonable and for a moment I was staggered. Then a happy thought came to me, and I suggested that if he should allow himself to die of starvation the demand for subsistence would be still more reduced.

He shook his head sadly. "I used to hope so myself. But the experience of some years, tabulated and reduced to most accurate statistics,

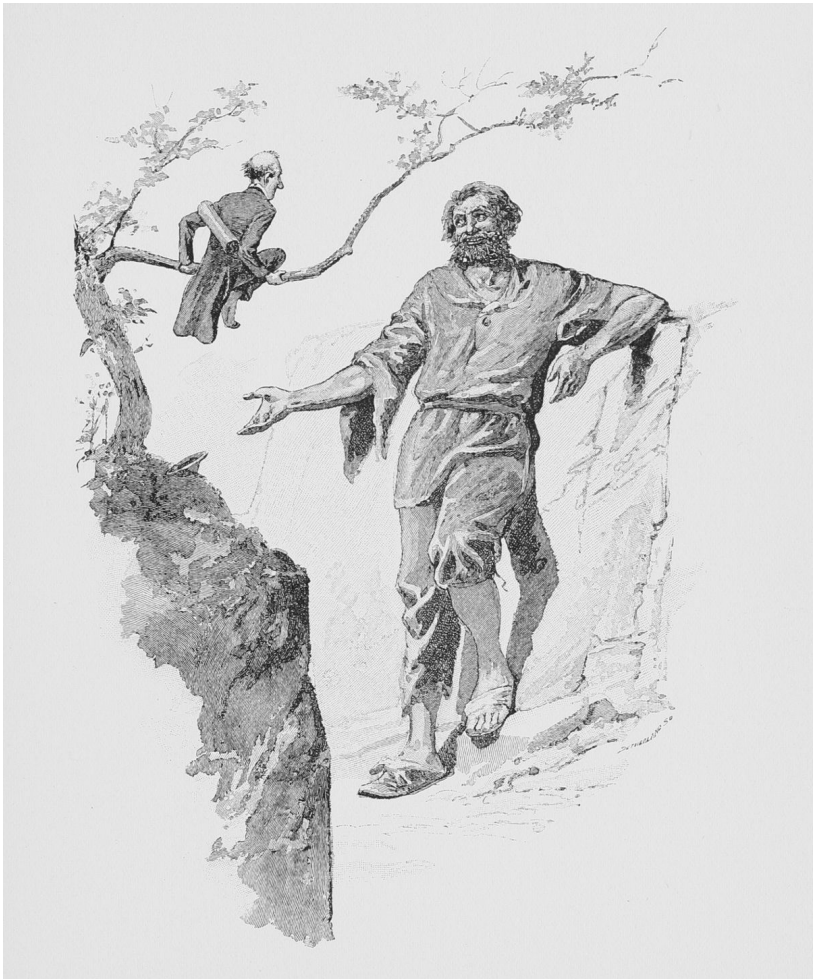


Figure 12.3: Professor Muddlehed debates. Illustration by E. B. Bensell, in Jenks (1894, p. 130).

has convinced me beyond a doubt that I can catch and eat enough men, in a year, to more than make up for what would be saved if I should allow my own organism to cease its active exertions in the cause of humanity."

I thought very carefully over these arguments and was unable to pick a flaw in them.

"As a man of science," I said, after a pause, "I could wish that this interview might be reported to the world."

"Give yourself no uneasiness. It shall be done," said the giant.

"And I should also be glad to have the *Rutabaga Tremendosa* forwarded very soon to the Museum," I said thoughtfully.

"With pleasure," said the giant. There was no excuse for further delay.

"And are you convinced?" asked the giant, speaking with much kindly consideration.

"Perfectly, I said, and kicked off the other boot.

[Note, by the giant. In accordance with Professor Muddlehed's last wishes, I have reported our full conversation verbatim. In fact, much of the foregoing account was revised by the Professor himself, before supper. He would have been glad, I have no doubt, to have gone over the paper again, but the bell rang and he was too considerate to keep the table waiting. He had many excellent tastes, and there was a flavor of originality about the man – a flavor I like. I enjoyed meeting him very much, and regret that my principles were such as to preclude a longer and less intimate acquaintance. I forwarded the specimen to the museum as directed, and received in return an invitation to visit the building in New York. Though I cannot accept the kind invitation, I should find it gratifying to have the trustees at my own table.]

Chapter 13

Professor Chipmunk, in Tudor Storr Jenks' *Professor Chipmunk's Surprising Adventure* (1894)

The second professorial excerpt from the collection of short stories in *Imaginotions: Truthless Tales* (Jenks 1894) is our first anthropomorphic tale: a satire on the growing phenomenon of public lectures, suggesting the uselessness and arrogance of experts, and their lack of critical self-reflection. Professor Chipmunk lectures to his fellow woodland creatures about his experience with mankind, and his 'daring' escape from a trap, offering expertise and insight, which both the reader and his audience know to be nonsense.

THE OAK-TREE selected by the committee was excellently adapted to the purpose, being deep in the woods, shady, and yet not so thickly leaved as to obstruct the audience's view of the sky, in case of hawks or other unruly members of society.

Professor A. Chipmunk, though a little dingy in coloring and somewhat thin, as indeed was natural considering his experiences, appeared to be fully conscious of the importance of the occasion and ready to do his best.

Precisely at noon he climbed to his place on one of the smaller branches, took a dainty sip of rain-water from an acorn-cup, waved his tail gracefully to the audience, and began:

QUADRUPEDS AND BIPEDS:

Your committee has told me that there is much curiosity among you in regard to my experiences during my recent captivity in the hands of that grasping and selfish race which converts our happy woodlands into desolate farms, and prefers to the sprightly and interesting dwellers of the woods the overfed and stupid slaves of the farmyard. For the benefit of my younger hearers, I will say plainly that I refer to the ordinary Homo, commonly known as Man. [Applause.]

Most of you know that it was my misfortune to fall into the clutches of these strange animals, and my good fortune to return again to my bereaved family, and to you, my neighbors. And I am sure I can find no more fitting occasion than the present to thank you all for having supplied my wife and children with acorns and walnuts during my absence. But for the sake of the few who may not know how it was that I became the prisoner of the slow-moving animals to which I have already referred, I will explain that I entered, in the in-

Figure 13.1: The learned Professor's lecture. Illustration by Dan Beard, in Jenks (1894, p. 171).

terests of science, a sort of inclosure or artificial burrow known in their tongue as a "*trap*." My purpose in entering the inclosure was to ascertain whether it was a safe place for a squirrel to reside, and I am quite convinced by my experience that it is not. The trap is commodious, dark, and well sheltered; but it has the serious defect that the

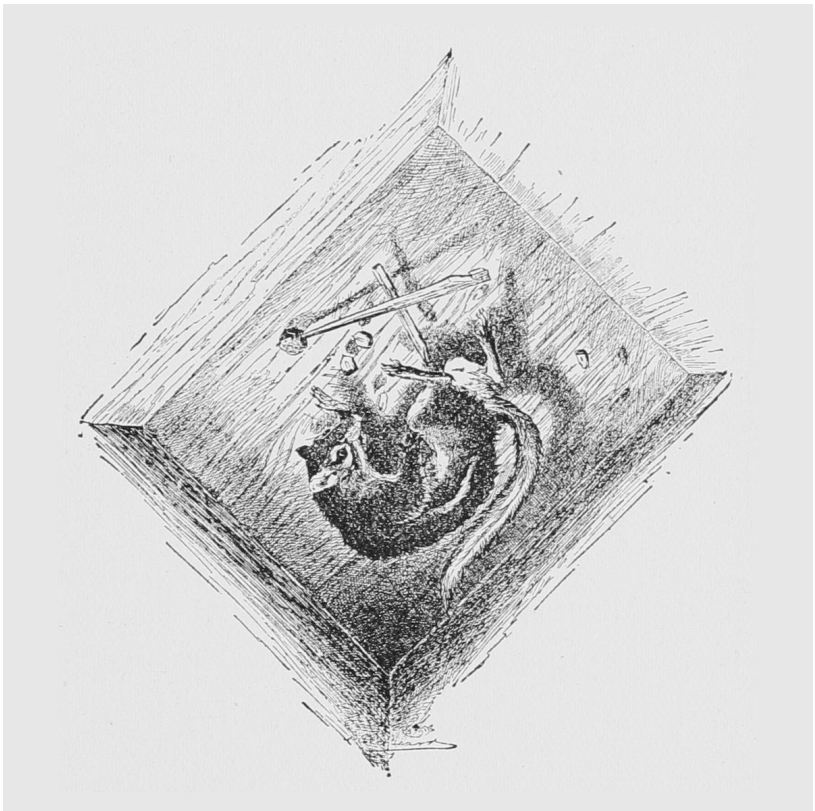


Figure 13.2: The Professor, captive. Illustration by Dan Beard, in Jenks (1894, p. 175).

entrance does not always remain open. Indeed, in the case of the one I examined, no sooner had I entered it than something fell over the end, shutting out the light. As it fell I heard a peculiar sound from a bush near by, sounding like "*Igothim*."

Some of you may ask why I did not push aside the obstruction and escape. The same thought occurred to me; but, no matter how hard I pushed, it would not move. I then began to gnaw my way out, when a remarkable thing occurred. You have many of you been upon a branch when it was violently swayed by the wind. In the same way did this trap behave. It seemed to be raised from the ground and to be shaken violently; so violently, in fact, that I had to cease my attempts at gnawing my way out.

This continued for quite a time, and when it ceased the cover was opened. Glad to escape, I sprang through the opening. But, to my surprise, I found I was not free. I found myself in another inclosure made of thin, straight twigs, without bark, and harder than any wood. I think I may say without presumption that my teeth are as good as those of any rodent who may be present, but try as I might, I could make no impression upon even the smallest of those cold gray twigs.

[At this moment two blue-jays in one of the upper branches, who had already been chattering in rather an audible tone, burst into a peal of mocking laughter. A king-bird flew at them, and gave them a good pecking, whereupon they flew away toward the swamp, and the indignant audience settled down again and begged the professor to go on.]

As I picked up a few words of their language, I can inform you that this contrivance was called a "*cage*" and seemed to have been made for the purpose of retaining such wood-dwellers as might fall into these creatures' power.

Several of the young animals gathered around it and examined me closely, apparently to determine whether I was good to eat. Indeed, the youngest of them what they call a "*Polly*" tried to seize a piece of my tail, but was prevented by the older and greedier ones.

They seemed to think that I was not fat enough to be eaten, for they furnished me a variety of food. Among the things offered were bits of apple, a kind of sweet stone they called "*sugar*," which was like very clean ice or hard snow, a dusty sort of dry stuff known to them as "*crackers*" and a few very poor walnuts. Of course I did not feel like eating; but they would not leave me alone. They poked me with bits of stick until, seeing a good opportunity, I bit the young animal called a Polly on the end of one of her soft claws. Then she wanted to hurt me; but a larger one of the animals, known as a "*Papa*" interfered, and tied a soft white leaf around her claw, probably so that she might not scratch me.

By this time I heard a curious jingling sound, and I was soon left alone.

This jingling sound was evidently of much importance to these curious creatures. I heard it always in the morning, at about midday, and after dark; and whenever it was heard, the animals, big and little, would leave me for a time long enough to eat perhaps a dozen hickory nuts.

Every part of the cage was comfortable and quiet, except one. That was a movable place into which I could crawl; but as soon as I was in it, it would slide from under my feet. But no sooner did I slide from one part than I found another beneath my feet. It was very curious. They called it a "*wheel*."

Except the continued staring and poking, nothing was done to me the first day. The queer creatures did not do any work, but rested

most of the time on strange contrivances that seemed made of dead branches of trees. They chattered together now and then, but spent longer periods in gazing upon bundles of white leaves, which they turned over, examining each leaf carefully. I made up my mind they were looking for some small insect among these leaves.

I wondered whether they liked to stay shut up in their hollow homes, for they could get out into the woods if they chose. Their homes are not unpleasant in the daytime. But, at night, there was a great slamming and banging, the lights were suddenly taken away, just as the moonlight ends when a black cloud goes over the moon, and the whole place in which they lived became dark.

Then how I suffered! The air became very heavy and close. I could not sleep. The hole in which these queer animals sleep was terribly warm and oppressive, and I longed to be in the woods again.

When the light returned, the jingling sound was repeated, the Papa and the Polly and the rest entered the big hollow where I was, and repeated a form of words until I was able to remember it. They said, "*Good morning, Papa*" "*Good morning, Polly*" and then went out of the hollow.

After another long time, a third one of them came in and looked very pleasantly at me. The Polly and the Papa came and stood looking in, too. Then the larger one said some words to the others, and repeated something like, "Lethimgo."

The Polly said, "Whymama!"

The other said again, "Lethimgo".

Then the cage was picked up and carried out of the hollow and into the field where they lived. Next the Polly worked over one side of the cage until she had made an opening in it.

Strange to say, none of them seemed to notice this opening, and

of course I did not call their attention to the oversight. [Laughter.]

I waited until the Polly had run away to where the other creature stood, and then I made a quick jump through the opening, and away I went!

It did not take me long, I promise you, to make my way back to the woods, and since my return I have lived among you as usual.

My observations while in captivity may be summed up as follows:

I should advise you to avoid entering any of those peculiar square, hollow logs known as "*traps*," as it is much easier to enter them than to escape from them. I am sure few would be clever enough to escape as I did.

If you should be so unfortunate as to find yourself in a "*cage*," which, you remember, is made of hard gray twigs, bite the soft claws of the creatures who poke you.

Do not eat the strange foods known as "*crackers*" or "*candy*" as they do not agree with any but men.

Large men are known as the "Papa" or "Oh-Papa," and the smaller ones as "Polly" or "Bobby." The worst kind, I believe, is the "Bobby," and the best and kindest seems to be the "Why-mama."

These curious creatures all have a means of putting out the stars and moon at night, and prefer to sleep in very hot and bad air. They also run away somewhere whenever they hear a jingle, which happens three times a day.

I thank you for your attention, and hope to be in my usual health soon.

After a vote of thanks the meeting adjourned, much impressed by the boldness and learning of Professor Chipmunk.

Chapter 14

The Professor, in Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer Abroad* (1894)

In this 1894 sequel to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (Twain 1876) and *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (Twain 1884): Tom, Huck, and Jim decide to go on another adventure, meeting an archetypical Professor-showman in the process.

This excerpt, narrated by Huck, describes expertise from various perspectives, and relates the act of invention and scientific discovery to madness, in a story which parodies children's adventure books, which were becoming increasingly popular during this period.

Well, Tom got up one thing after another, but they all had tender spots about 'em somewheres, and he had to shove 'em aside. So at last he was about in despair. Then the St. Louis papers begun to talk a good deal about the balloon that was going to sail to Europe, and Tom sort of thought he wanted to go down and see what it looked like, but couldn't make up his mind. But the papers went on talking, and so he allowed that maybe if he didn't go he mightn't ever have another chance to see a balloon; and next, he found out that Nat Parsons was going down to see it, and that decided him, of course. He wasn't going to have Nat Parsons coming back bragging about seeing the balloon, and him having to listen to it and keep quiet. So he wanted me and Jim to go too, and we went.

It was a noble big balloon, and had wings and fans and all sorts of things, and wasn't like any balloon you see in pictures. It was away out toward the edge of town, in a vacant lot, corner of Twelfth street; and there was a big crowd around it, making fun of it, and making fun of the man,—a lean pale feller with that soft kind of moonlight in his eyes, you know,—and they kept saying it wouldn't go. It made him hot to hear them, and he would turn on them and shake his fist and say they was animals and blind, but some day they would find they had stood face to face with one of the men that lifts up nations and makes civilizations, and was too dull to know it; and right here on this spot their own children and grandchildren would build a monument to him that would outlast a thousand years, but his name would outlast the monument. And then the crowd would burst out in a laugh again, and yell at him, and ask him what was his name before he was married, and what he would take to not do it, and what was his sister's cat's grandmother's name, and all the things that a crowd says when they've got hold of a feller that they see they can plague. Well, some

things they said *was* funny,—yes, and mighty witty too, I ain't denying that,—but all the same it warn't fair nor brave, all them people pitching on one, and they so glib and sharp, and him without any gift of talk to answer back with. But, good land! what did he want to sass back for? You see, it couldn't do him no good, and it was just nuts for them. They had him, you know. But that was his way. I reckon he couldn't help it; he was made so, I judge. He was a good-enough sort of cretur, and hadn't no harm in him, and was just a genius, as the papers said, which wasn't his fault. We can't all be sound: we've got to be the way we're made. As near as I can make out, geniuses think they know it all, and so they won't take people's advice, but always go their own way, which makes everybody forsake them and despise them, and that is perfectly natural. If they was humbler, and listened and tried to learn, it would be better for them.

The part the professor was in was like a boat, and was big and roomy, and had water-tight lockers around the inside to keep all sorts of things in, and a body could sit on them, and make beds on them, too. We went aboard, and there was twenty people there, snooping around and examining, and old Nat Parsons was there, too. The professor kept fussing around, getting ready, and the people went ashore, drifting out one at a time, and old Nat he was the last. Of course it wouldn't do to let him go out behind us. We mustn't budge till he was gone, so we could be last ourselves.

But he was gone now, so it was time for us to follow. I heard a big shout, and turned around—the city was dropping from under us like a shot! It made me sick all through, I was so scared. Jim turned gray and couldn't say a word, and Tom didn't say nothing, but looked excited. The city went on dropping down, and down, and down; but we didn't seem to be doing nothing but just hang in the air and stand

still. The houses got smaller and smaller, and the city pulled itself together, closer and closer, and the men and wagons got to looking like ants and bugs crawling around, and the streets like threads and cracks; and then it all kind of melted together, and there wasn't any city any more: it was only a big scar on the earth, and it seemed to me a body could see up the river and down the river about a thousand miles, though of course it wasn't so much. By and by the earth was a ball—just a round ball, of a dull color, with shiny stripes wriggling and winding around over it, which was rivers. The Widder Douglas always told me the earth was round like a ball, but I never took any stock in a lot of them superstitions o' hers, and of course I paid no attention to that one, because I could see myself that the world was the shape of a plate, and flat. I used to go up on the hill, and take a look around and prove it for myself, because I reckon the best way to get a sure thing on a fact is to go and examine for yourself, and not take anybody's say-so. But I had to give in, now, that the widder was right. That is, she was right as to the rest of the world, but she warn't right about the part our village is in; that part is the shape of a plate, and flat, I take my oath!

The professor had been quiet all this time, as if he was asleep; but he broke loose now, and he was mighty bitter. He says something like this:

"Idiots! They said it wouldn't go; and they wanted to examine it, and spy around and get the secret of it out of me. But I beat them. Nobody knows the secret but me. Nobody knows what makes it move but me; and it's a new power—a new power, and a thousand times the strongest in the earth! Steam's foolishness to it! They said I couldn't go to Europe. To Europe! Why, there's power aboard to last five years, and feed for three months. They are fools! What do they know about

it? Yes, and they said my air-ship was flimsy. Why, she's good for fifty years! I can sail the skies all my life if I want to, and steer where I please, though they laughed at that, and said I couldn't. Couldn't steer! Come here, boy; we'll see. You press these buttons as I tell you."

He made Tom steer the ship all about and every which way, and learnt him the whole thing in nearly no time; and Tom said it was perfectly easy. He made him fetch the ship down 'most to the earth, and had him spin her along so close to the Illinois prairies that a body could talk to the farmers, and hear everything they said per-

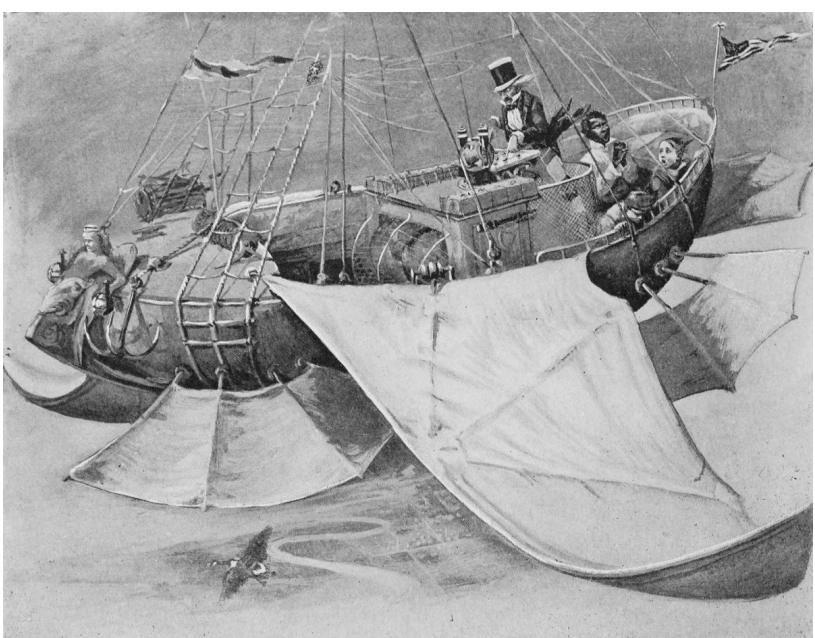


Figure 14.1: The professor takes Fin, Tom, and Huck on a voyage. Illustration by Dan Beard, in Twain (1894, p. 27).

fectly plain; and he flung out printed bills to them that told about the balloon, and said it was going to Europe. Tom got so he could steer straight for a tree till he got nearly to it, and then dart up and skin right along over the top of it. Yes, and he showed Tom how to land her; and he done it first-rate, too, and set her down in the prairies as soft as wool. But the minute we started to skip out the professor says, "No, you don't!" and shot her up in the air again. It was awful. I begun to beg, and so did Jim; but it only give his temper a rise, and he begun to rage around and look wild out of his eyes, and I was scared of him.

Well, then he got on to his troubles again, and mourned and grumbled about the way he was treated, and couldn't seem to git over it, and especially people's saying his ship was flimsy. He scoffed at that, and at their saying she warn't simple and would be always getting out of order. Get out of order! That graveled him; he said that she couldn't any more get out of order than the solar sister.

He got worse and worse, and I never see a person take on so. It give me the cold shivers to see him, and so it did Jim. By and by he got to yelling and screaming, and then he swore the world shouldn't ever have his secret at all now, it had treated him so mean. He said he would sail his balloon around the globe just to show what he could do, and then he would sink it in the sea, and sink us all along with it, too. Well, it was the awfullest fix to be in, and here was night coming on!

He give us something to eat, and made us go to the other end of the boat, and he laid down on a locker, where he could boss all the works, and put his old pepper-box revolver under his head, and said if anybody come fooling around there trying to land her, he would kill him. We set scrunched up together, and thought considerable, but didn't say much — only just a word once in a while when a body had to say

something or bust, we was *so* scared and worried. The night dragged along slow and lonesome. We was pretty low down, and the moonshine made everything soft and pretty, and the farmhouses looked snug and homeful, and we could hear the farm sounds, and wished we could be down there; but, laws! we just slipped along over them like a ghost, and never left a track.

Away in the night, when all the sounds was late sounds, and the air had a late feel, and a late smell, too,—about a two-o'clock feel, as near as I could make out,—Tom said the professor was so quiet this time he must be asleep, and we'd better—"Better what?" I says in a whisper, and feeling sick all over, because I knowed what he was thinking about.

"Better slip back there and tie him, and land the ship," he says.

I says: "No, sir! Don't you budge, Tom Sawyer."

And Jim—well, Jim was kind o' gasping, he was so scared. He says: "Oh, Mars Tom, *don't*! Ef you teches him, we's gone—we's gone sho'! I ain't gwine anear him, not for nothin' in dis worl'. Mars Tom, he's plumb crazy."

Tom whispers and says: "That's why we've got to do something. If he wasn't crazy I wouldn't give shucks to be anywhere but here; you couldn't hire me to get out,—now that I've got used to this balloon and over the scare of being cut loose from the solid ground,—if he was in his right mind. But it's no good politics, sailing around like this with a person that's out of his head, and says he's going round the world and then drown us all. We've got to do something, I tell you, and do it before he wakes up, too, or we man't ever get another chance. Come!"

But it made us turn cold and creepy just to think of it, and we said we wouldn't budge. So Tom was for slipping back there by himself to see if he couldn't get at the steering-gear and land the ship. We begged

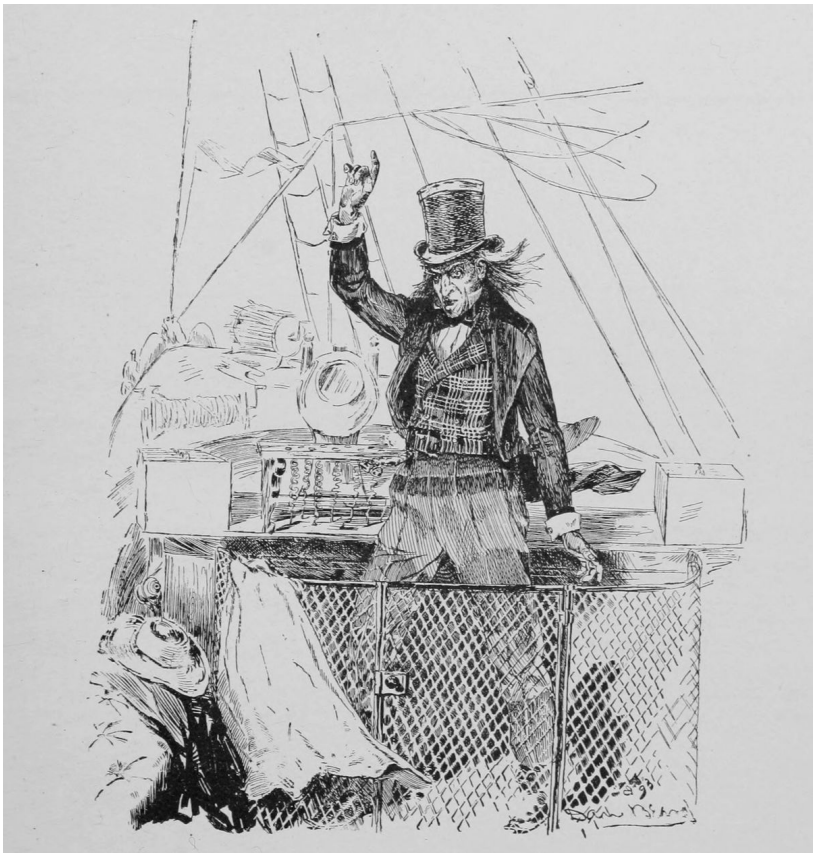


Figure 14.2: The professor, paranoid. Illustration by Dan Beard, in Twain (1894, p. 49).

and begged him not to, but it warn't no use; so he got down on his hands and knees, and begun to crawl an inch at a time, we a-holding our breath and watching. After he got to the middle of the boat he crept slower than ever, and it did seem like years to me. But at last we see him get to the professor's head, and sort of raise up soft and look a good spell in his face and listen. Then we see him begin to inch along again toward the professor's feet where the steering-buttons was. Well, he got there all safe, and was reaching slow and steady toward the buttons, but he knocked down something that made a noise, and we see him slump down flat an' soft in the bottom, and lay still. The professor stirred, and says, "What's that?" But everybody kept dead still and quiet, and he begun to mutter and mumble and nestle, like a person that's going to wake up, and I thought I was going to die, I was so worried and scared.

Then a cloud slid over the moon, and I 'most cried, I was so glad. She buried herself deeper and deeper into the cloud, and it got so dark we couldn't see Tom. Then it began to sprinkle rain, and we could hear the professor fussing at his ropes and things and abusing the weather. We was afraid every minute he would touch Tom, and then we would be goners, and no help; but Tom was already on his way back, and when we felt his hands on our knees my breath stopped sudden, and my heart fell down 'mongst my other works, because I couldn't tell in the dark but it might be the professor, which I thought it *was*.

Dear! I was so glad to have him back that I was just as near happy as a person could be that was up in the air that way with a deranged man. You can't land a balloon in the dark, and so I hoped it would keep on raining, for I didn't want Tom to go meddling anymore and make us so awful uncomfortable. Well, I got my wish. It drizzled and drizzled along the rest of the night, which wasn't long, though it did

seem so; and at daybreak it cleared, and the world looked mighty soft and gray and pretty, and the forests and fields so good to see again, and the horses and cattle standing sober and thinking. Next, the sun come a-blazing up gay and splendid, and then we began to feel rusty and stretchy, and first we knowed we was all asleep.

Chapter 15

Professor Atherton, in Mary Barnes Beal's *The Boys of Clovernook* (1896)

The following excerpts demonstrate the precarious nature of employment in the Victorian period, where the effects of illness and disability would rapidly become unmanageable. However, we also see the presumed upper-class situation of those who worked in the academy: how many of today's adjuncts can retire to a mansion in the country, and only depend on their private income, if it all becomes too much? The man of science is unsuited to any other sort of work: the bookish professor is only capable of study, and his eccentricity is stressed by his interactions with his curious menagerie.

The Boys of Clovernook is one of only two books written by the author, the other being a similar moral tale for a young adult audience (Beal 1905).

TO BEGIN with, there was a boy. Let me tell you all about him: but first, I must say something of Clovernook, the place where the boy lived; before I do that, though, I must bestow a few words on the people who owned Clovernook. So, after all, I cannot start out as I expected, but must go back to a time which is considerably earlier than the period when my story really opens.

Never mind; we will travel over the ground as quickly as we can, and soon we will come up with the boy again.

To begin once more, then: When my husband, John Atherton, was about forty-five years old, a great trouble fell upon him. At least, to him and to me it seemed a great trouble, though it was, of course, nothing in comparison with what many have to bear. His sense of hearing began to fail, and gradually he became quite deaf. We hoped at first that the difficulty was only temporary; but soon after the certainty came upon us that there was no hope, and that what was in the beginning only a slightly infirmity would, before long, become a total loss of hearing. Here was a sad state of affairs! For John was only a poorly paid professor of natural history in a Western college, with very little money besides his salary. The knowledge that he must shortly give up his position, and with it all hope of future work in the profession he so dearly loved, to say nothing of the dismay and anguish at the personal loss – all this, I say, fell upon us with crushing weight, and a first we knew not what to do. Our hearts ached with the dread and uncertainty of the future and we could only look into each other's face with misery in our eyes, and cling together in silence.

"If only John were more like other men," I thought; "there are so many things that most men can turn to when one thing fails – so many ways to earn one's bread and butter." But, alas! my poor John was not of these. All his life he had been a student and a teacher, and had

never dreamed of anything else. Why must this sorrow have fallen upon him who was so little able to bear it? For certainly a more unpractical man than my dear husband never lived.

Well, those were sad hours for us, and I will not dwell on them now.

One day the thought suddenly came into my mind, "There is the old farm; why could we not live there?" To be sure, it was rented, and was, in fact, aside from John's salary, the source of almost the whole of

Figure 15.1: The professor who talks to the animals. Illustration by Etheldred B. Barry, in: Beal et al. (1896, p. 18).

our little income; but if we could only live there ourselves, we would no longer need this income, and how delightful to have such a beautiful country home. For it had been lovely, as I remembered it in the far-off days of my childhood, that delightful old farm of Clovernook, the home of my mother's father.

I had never supposed then, that one day it would be my own; but such things sometimes come about strangely, and only a few years before this trouble of John's and mine, it had fallen to my inheritance.

[...]

John felt that he must have the entire contents of his "den" with him, wherever he might live; any one who has much to do with a naturalist knows what that means. Every stuffed bird and beast, every dried-up toad and alligator, every preserved snake or lizard, every dusty old bone, – all must be carefully packed and sent forthwith to Clovernook, together with a full assortment or tools, microscopes, and what not. And books, of course!

On my side, I must have my piano, my few good pictures, my various precious little belongings, and, above all, my little pet owl, "Scops", and Sandy [a beloved old dog] and Spot [a sand-hill crane].

[...]

[Scops] is still the quaintest and most curious of screech-owls. He was also one of the pets we had reared from babyhood. Very early I life he had learned to consider us, apparently, in the light of adopted parents.

[...]

As he grew older he developed many comical traits. He spent much of his time in my husband's "den", where it was his great delight to prowl about among the different objects around him, apparently investigating the various specimens of natural history with the keenest interest. In and out he would go among the birds and beasts, tweaking at the stuffed alligator's jaw perhaps, or bowing with funny little bobs, first on one side of his head, and then on the other, as he stood before some small animal, wondering, no doubt, what it could possibly be. But his greatest curiosity was excited by John himself, seated at his writing-table. Scops would be perched, perhaps, on his favorite seat, the bill of the greal loon which stood on the bracket above the table. Thence he would fly down on John's shoulder, and look at the paper, first with one eye, and then the other, in the most eager, comical way; then he would give John's mustache a soft tweak, as if to ask, "What are you doing, anyway?". Not satisfied with this, he would hope down upon the table, and watch the pen for a few moments, and perhaps seize it in his beak, as if to see what is was made of. Sometimes he would become too eager, and dance about on the very words as they were being written; in which case an impatient hand would suddenly and rudely push him to the verge of the table, whereupon he would usually mount to his favourite loon, and instantly assume his look of injured dignity.

[...]

Next, we ourselves were off and away...we came to a little turn in the road, and there stood our home before us! Shall I ever forget that first glimpse of Clovernook? The old house stood high on its terraces; its broad wings on either side seemed in the dim twilight to hold out

sheltering arms to us; bring lights were glancing within the windows; a wide door was flung open; a cheery voice called to us. In a moment we were standing before a great fire of logs in an immense fireplace. We were casting off wraps, we were laughing, we were crying, at the same time. In a word, this was Clovernook, and we were at home.

Chapter 16

Professor Leo Fortissimo, by Albertine Randall Wheelan in *St Nicholas* (1896)

In this stand-alone cartoon, we see academic intellectual heft and power: what can be more skilled, masculine and virile than a virtuoso lion, with a glossy, tumbling mane, thundering at the piano?

Albertine Randall Wheelan was one of the earliest female cartoonists, producing work for the likes of *Harper's Bazaar*, *Harper's Young People*, and *St Nicholas*, and going on to have a long and varied creative career.

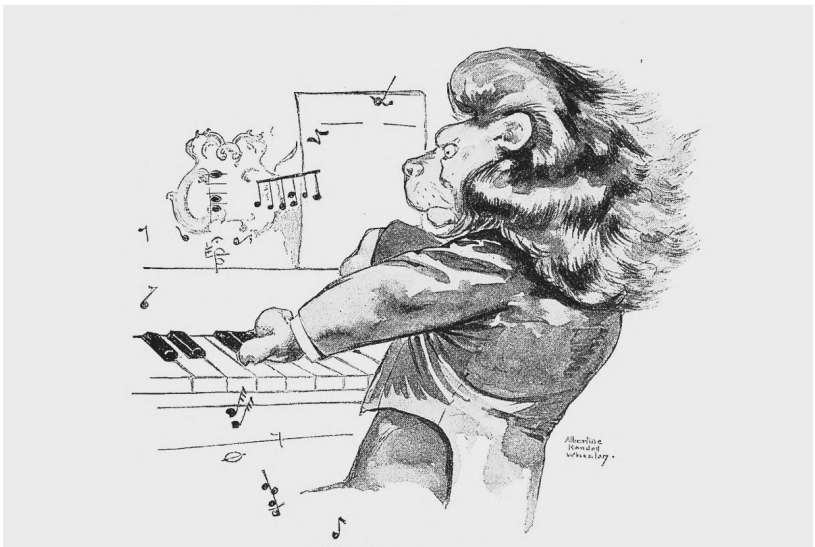


Figure 16.1: The professor powers out a tune. Illustration by Albertine Randall Wheelan, in: ‘Professor Leo Fortissimo at his Best’ (Wheelan 1896).

Chapter 17

Professor Entellus Hanuman Semnopithicus A.P.E., in Barrington MacGregor's *King Longbeard: Or, Annals of the Golden Dreamland, a Book of Fairy Tales* (1898)

A minor character in a longer book of fairytales, Professor Hanuman is an arrogant and conceited monkey who believes he has much to teach his fellow simians, and then other forest animals, and even humans. Oblivious to their reactions to him, he goes through life with a belief in his own entitlement, in an excerpt that shows contempt for those who believe themselves to be above their station, or the potential for education to change caste. Note, in particular, the specific detail regarding academic robes which would surely only be relevant to an adult reader: Barrington Macgregor is a pseudonym for the Episcopal Reverend Alexander Barrington Orr (Bulloch 1899, p. 107) who between 1894 and 1900 served St Palladius, Glen of Drumtochty, near Auchinblae, a village in Aberdeenshire (Bertie 2000, p. 552).

HIGH up on the hills that shut in the valley of Dreamland, is a wild and extensive forest, which (as I have already told you) is infested by wild beasts of all kinds, some of which, now and then, come down into the lower-lying country, and try to make trouble for the peaceful folk who live there. The monkeys are the most forward and annoying of all. Each of them thinks all monkeys wiser than the rest of the world, and himself the wisest monkey of the lot––as, indeed, he certainly is. They are not generous enough to give all the trouble away to their neighbours: no, they keep plenty of it to use among themselves. And they cannot be complimented on living happily together, since the wisest monkey is always on the look-out to cheat and get the better of the others. This is a most unhealthy state of affairs, and brings on an illness known as "swelled head," which its victim always thinks something to be proud of, as it feels just like having a feather in one's cap.

There had been a jolly row in monkey society. The aforesaid wisest monkey had just come home from a long visit to India, where he had been made a great deal of, and gave himself more airs than ever in consequence. The others had borne a great deal from him, in the way of bragging of his accomplishments. He had learnt reading, writing, arithmetic, short-hand, freehand drawing, cookery, and slojd[1]; had been round the world; and had passed the seventh standard. Never was such a learned monkey!

The trouble began with his wanting to set up a school in the forest.

[1] [Editor's note: Slöjd or Sloyd is a system of handicraft-based education such as woodwork, paper-folding, sewing, embroidery, knitting and crochet, deriving from the Swedish word for crafts or handiwork, following a curriculum developed in 1866 by the Finnish educator Uno Cygnaeus (Encyclopædia Britannica 2018). Promoted worldwide, Sloyd spread to France, Germany, England, India, Chile and the United States, where it persists (ibid.). It is still a compulsory subject in Finland, Sweden, and Norway.]

He gave out the idea cautiously at first; but we all know what becomes of even the most solemn secret, when once a monkey gets hold of it; and so the very next day the rest of the tribe held a caucus (i.e., a meeting where everyone takes the chair, and all speak at the same time), and decided that they were quite educated enough already. The other wisest of all monkeys got up and told him so.

"Very well," said the would-be schoolmaster, whose name, by the way, was Hanuman— "Then I won't tell you about what I saw in India."

This appeal to their curiosity was too much, and so the caucus returned to its deliberations, and they withdrew their opposition so far as to agree to take a trial lesson from him. There was some discussion as to the subject, which was ended by the other wisest monkey remarking that since Professor Garner had been speaking disparagingly of monkey-talk, they had better go in for elocution. This was received with cheers, and Hanuman was invited to begin at once.

"I thought you'd come round!" he complacently observed. "Now, sit down, all of you, in front of me, and I'll begin with a recitation. It's a little thing of my own, called

"AN ODE TO A-RUM SHRUB.

"The poppies in the hedgerows twine;
The figs are ripening on the vine;
And the carnations columns tall
O'ertop the violets on the wall;
While, down the path, its petals red
Doth the majestic snowdrop shed;
And, where the emerald dahlia creeps,
And laurestinus shyly peeps,
The lily of the valley throws
Its burly shade across the rose,

Whose airy tendrils clasp the while
The fairy Lily of the Nile."

Here Hanuman stopped for applause. An old baboon got up and walked away, followed by a few marmozets; and an elderly spider-monkey in the second row remarked, "How sweetly pretty!" Hanuman went on—

"O, Rose and Lily—one, yet two!
Alike in perfume, form, and hue:
Bright twins of nature and of art;
So hard to name when seen apart,
And yet betraying to each sense,
When joined, a subtile difference
That makes each, each—How is it ye,
Like proverbed Love and Poverty,
In mutual elusive flight
Escape from one another's sight
So oft, that e'en to join your names,
A poet's utmost licence shames?"

"I'm sorry to interrupt," said the other wisest monkey, "but I must ask one question."

"Ask away," said Hanuman.

"Have you got a licence?" said the other wisest.

"Of course I have," said Hanuman. "How do you suppose I could write poetry without one?"

No reply to this was forthcoming, and so the orator went on again—

"The lily of the valley flings
Its massive boughs in eddying rings;
The turncap lily's fruitage rare

Pervades the circumambient air;
The treasured lily of Japan
Spreads like a raven's diamond fan;
And the rathe water-lily's flowers
Raise their long spears amid the bowers;
But memory bids me still recall
The tiniest flow'ret of them all,
And brings, to crown the sylvan pile,
The fairy Lily of the Nile."

Here the younger portion of his audience rushed off in pursuit of a passing squirrel. Hanuman went perseveringly on—

"O fairy Lily! Thou whose spots
Show ruddier than the apricot's,
I love to pluck thee, and to think
How, oft on Boreal Nilus' brink,
The ibis, lost in rapture, sips
Rich draughts of nectar from thy lips;
Or how, in Cleopatra's vest
Thy starry calyx used to rest,
And reproduce, with pigments rare,
The ebon glories of her hair.
That now repeat themselves again
In thy pale leaflets' golden rain."

By this time none of the monkeys remained but three grey-headed ourang-outangs, who were fast asleep, and the spider-monkey mentioned above. Still Hanuman plunged boldly into his last verse—

"Give me no poppy's clambering trail;
The whorls of figs will not avail,
Nor the carnation's dainty bell,
Nor scarlet pansy-leaves, to tell

The myriadth part of what my soul
Would say. But long as snowdrops roll
Their moss-grown stamens, and below
The rhododendron-bulbs o'erflow,
And dahlias hide their glimmering eyes,
So long my careworn heart will prize
Beyond the Rose's turquoise smile
The fairy Lily of the Nile."

"I should *so* like you to write those verses in my album," remarked the Spider-monkey, with a coquettish air.

"No, thank you, ma'am," replied Hanuman; "I leave that sort of thing to those who have nothing better to do. It seems to me I'm being thrown away here. They don't get anything out of me about India, however." And then he walked away in a state of profound disgust. He did not notice where he went, until he found himself on the edge of a great cliff, that rose some hundreds of feet in an almost sheer precipice, close behind King Longbeard's Castle, and was looking down into the Royal gardens. He could see the Castle standing below him, and the river of silver pouring from the cave and flowing by its walls, and the rainbow bridge that spanned it and led into the nursery-garden: and up through the air came a sound of the singing of thousands of birds, and, clearly to be heard through all, though not so loud, the humming of the wonderful blue bees. Sweeter, too, than the music of either birds or bees, came up the merry songs of a troop of children, who were playing in one of the fields by the river-side. It was the Princess Elsie's birthday, and she was keeping it in company with her sisters and a number of child-fairies. A party of the King's workmen were busily employed in the meadows farther down the river, making hay for the horses of the sun; and, as the children sang, they

Figure 17.1: The Professor recites to his brethren. Illustration by Charles Robinson, in MacGregor (1898, p. 64).

joined in, and sang the same songs, with voices stronger than theirs, but just as sweet.

Hanuman sat and listened, not at all because he in the least enjoyed the beauty and sweetness of it, but because he wanted to understand what it all could mean. This, however, he could not do, even though he was (as I have said) the wisest of all the monkeys—wiser, in his own estimation, than even King Longbeard himself. A cousin of his, who had gone to live in Yorkshire, had sent him a most beautiful book for a present, with quantities of pictures of mill-chimneys, and coal-pits, and back-to-back houses, and excursions to Blackpool, besides advertisements of soap, and pills, and cocoa—enough to make a Christmas Annual. And so, as he sat on the top of the cliff, and looked down into Dreamland, he thought nothing of its peaceful loveliness, or of the happiness of those who lived there; but only of what a stupid, useless, behindhand sort of place it must be—so utterly unlike the wonderful world revealed to him by his picture-book. "Why," he said to himself, "they know nothing—absolutely nothing. I do believe those fellows down there never heard of such a thing as a strike in their lives, or of a school-board, or a caucus? Could one of them calculate the odds on a dog-race, or tell how to suppress a football referee?"

And then a great idea came into his mind: and it was this—that he himself would go down and set up a school in Dreamland.

Now in the midst of the forest was a shop, kept by a fussy old magpie, and furnished with one of the most extraordinary collections of pickings and stealings you can imagine. She had rags, bones, and old bottles for sale; second-hand books, and fourth- and fifth-hand clothes; peppermint rock, and sham jewellery, besides an indescribable assortment of articles that no inland bird or beast would ever, in its right senses, think of using: and this was probably the reason why she had had a board put up over her door with "PICA CAUDATA, DEALER IN MARINE STORES," inscribed upon it in the reddest of red letters. And it was to her that our monkey, having decided on the profession of schoolmaster, went for his outfit.

First of all, he bought a college cap and gown; and the latter was not of a dingy black, such as they wear in the English Universities, but of a lovely Aberdeen red: and the magpie assured him that it, and the cap with its red silk tassel, made him look as pretty as one of those sweet girl-students we meet in the streets of the Granite City. Then he bought a pen, which he stuck behind one ear, and a quire of copy-paper, and a slate and pencil, and a small piece of sponge, and a large piece of chalk, and a copy of "Butter's Spelling," and one of "Hamilton on Quaternions"; and with these he started off into Dreamland.

When he got there he made his way to an open piece of ground that lay between the gardens and the hay-fields, in the middle of which stood a tall beech-tree, and to the trunk of this tree he fastened a sheet of paper, on which he had written:

"Knowledge is power."—*Lytton.*
"Man, know thyself."—*Out of my own head.*

TO THE INHABITANTS OF DREAMLAND.

PROFESSOR ENTELLUS HANUMAN SEMNO-
PITHECUS, A.P.E.,

Has opened an Academy
For instruction in all the usual branches of a Polite Education, including—

SHORTHAND, COOKERY, SLOJD, AND FREEHAND DRAWING,
MATHEMATICS, AROMATICS, AND RHEUMATICS,
HYDROSTATICS, TACTICS, TICTAX, INCOME-TAX, OUTGO-TAX,
STATISTICS, RETURNS, SHAG, AND CUT CAVENDISH.

TERMS:—

Stalls	5s. 0d.
Reserved Seats . . .	2s. 6d.
Gallery and Pit . . .	1s. 0d.

Children Half-price.
Washing and Refreshments Extra.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:—

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men."
MacNibble & Scrabbleum.

"Worth a guinea a box."—*D. T. Screechem.*

"Grateful and comforting."—*Cocoaberry & Co.*

"Matchless for the complexion."—*Apples & Patti.*

Every Coupon is equivalent to a Policy for £2000.

"And if that is not a fine, attractive advertisement," said the monkey to himself, "I should like to know what is:" and as he said so he struck his arms akimbo, put his head on one side, and walked backwards to admire his handiwork. But he forgot that the river ran not far behind him, and so in he tumbled with a splash and a yell that was heard by the Princesses and their fairy companions. They ran and flew to the spot as fast as they could, but the current was so strong that it swept the poor monkey off down the stream, and he would have been speedily drowned—for nothing that is not perfectly true can swim in that silver water—if one of the haymakers in the field below had not jumped in and rescued him.

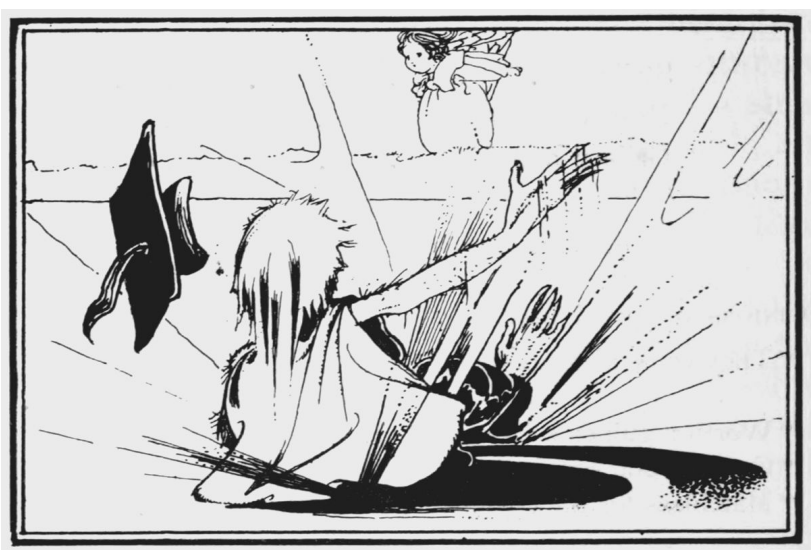


Figure 17.2: The professor falls into the river. Illustration by Charles Robinson, in MacGregor (1898, p. 74).

The man bore the poor Professor, miserably draggled, and more dead than alive, to where the Princesses were standing. The Princess Geraldine, who was the eldest, desired him to be carried into the Castle, because every living thing in distress has a claim on King Longbeard's kindness; while she bade a messenger-fairy fly on before to make all ready to receive him, and to prepare a warm draught of nectar for the haymaker. So the first thing the monkey knew was that he found himself snugly tucked into a comfortable bed, while a good-natured looking old fairy fed him with ambrosia out of a golden basin. (I should tell you that both nectar and ambrosia are made by the blue bees, and are what the fairies themselves live on.) His college cap had been lost in the river, and his pen had shared the same fate; the rest of his school apparatus he had left on the grass under the beech-tree, but he could see his red gown hanging before the fire to dry.

"Well," he thought to himself, "these are fine doings! Here I am on a genuine feather-bed, between cambric sheets, under a silk counterpane, fed out of a golden basin with the jolliest stuff I ever tasted. What an important person I must be!"

Just at that moment the door opened, and the King's physician came in—a handsome, pompous-looking old gentleman, dressed in a richly laced coat, with a three-cornered hat, and carrying an enormous gold-headed cane. He came over to the bed, pulled out his jewelled watch, and felt the monkey's pulse: then he opened his thermometer-case, and took his patient's temperature by putting the little glass tube under his armpit. This last operation rather frightened the Professor, who had never seen it done before, and thought the arm was going to be cut off; but as the physician only went on to look at his tongue, and give the nurse directions about his diet, and then bustled off out of the room, he recovered his spirits, and thought to himself,

"What a *very* important person I must be! I hope he won't expect a fee from me!"

And not long after there came a gentle knock at the door, and the nurse said, "Come in." So in came the Princess Elsie, leading by the hand her little sister Princess Monica.

"Monica wanted to see the sick monkey, nurse; and papa said I might bring her," said the elder girl.

"Want see sick mukkey, Nurnie," echoed the little one.

"Yes, my darlings," said the Fairy; "come and look at him, but don't stay long."

When the monkey heard that, and guessed who his visitors were, he half-closed his eyes and tried to smile and look interesting, but failed so dismally in the attempt that Princess Elsie drew back, thinking, "What a dangerous, ugly beast!" But she said aloud, "Poor fellow, I am glad he was not drowned. I must send him some of my birthday cake as soon as he is well enough to eat it."

"N'yum-n'yum!" thought the Monkey, but he said nothing.

But the little Princess Monica had such a tender heart that she loved all animals, even the ugliest and fiercest: so she put out her wee handie and stroked the Professor's fur, and said, "Nice mukkey, p'etty mukkey! Mukkey sick, me sorry!" And then they went away, and as the door closed behind them the monkey thought, "What a VERY important person I must be! I hope they won't expect free education from me!"

Chapter 18

Professor Pinley, in Mrs Frank Lee's *Professor Pin* (1899)

It is rare to find substantive mention of university estates in children's literature. This opening chapter of a book for young adults sets the scene of flux and change in the higher education sector in the United States towards the end of the 19th century, including the developing identities and relationships between school, college, and university; the perilous financial state of new institutions and the resulting effect upon those they employ; aspects of race, class, poverty, religion, and gender within the education system; and issues of opening access to higher education given the financial investment required to attend at the time.

The author, Mrs Frank Lee, wrote a range of books for a juvenile audience between 1890 and 1914.

No modern atrocities of pump-stock or chain had ever been allowed to invade the sacred depths of the Britton well. Overhead was a large wooden cylinder, wound with yards of three-quarter inch Manila cable and turned by a crank. Up, up, with a squeak of the handle and plashing drip, came the historic, iron-bound bucket, to be rested on the high curb and tipped to the hired man's thirsty lips.

After drinking, the hired man carefully emptied the water remaining into the drain, and wound the bucket up against the cylinder. This was always the Britton way, and Britton ways were like the laws of the Medes and Persians; hired man or hired maid, neighbor, guest or friend followed those ways, or knew no Britton favor.

"Why, Robert," said Mrs. Britton, called to the kitchen door by the squeak of the well-crank, "I thought you'd gone long ago."

"Mr. Britton told me to take in a load of corn," said the hired man, who was little more than a boy in years and size.

"Oh! You'll not be back in time for dinner then?"

"No 'm, I don't expect to. I can get a lunch in town."

"Restaurants are very expensive, Robert," said Mrs. Britton, warningly.

The hired man went to his room, which was over the wood-house, and Mrs. Britton rolled out pie-crust, frowning slightly. She did not approve of the real errand that was taking the hired man to town.

"You will surely get yourself a new suit before you go to college," she said to him when he returned to the kitchen to brush his hair before its small looking-glass. There was none in his room.

Now it was the hired man's turn to frown. The suit had been his best for so long that he had outgrown it; sleeves and trousers legs were several inches too short. But he made no reply. He and his employer's

wife could as easily understand each other as could an Esquimaux and a Hottentot.

Meanwhile, in the town toward which he was presently driving, a meeting was in progress that would seriously affect his plans and his future. The ministers of the ——— denomination in that part of the state were assembled in the First Church, discussing a very important question. Should Trevor, the denominational college established in the town twenty years before, be given up?

"What will the dominies do?" a passer-by asked Mr. Harris, senior partner of the firm, whose large grocery and feed store stood diagonally across the broad street from the church.

"Do? There's only one thing they can do. They knew it had got to come by summer at the farthest. Now that the trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum have offered a good price for it, if given immediate possession, there's nothing to do but take it and say 'Thank you.'"

"Too bad! The State University and the Methodist College at Brysville are too close. The big institutions will draw the students every time."

Mr. Harris nodded, and turned to wait on a customer.

Within the church, proceedings were rapidly drawing to a close. As the grocer had said, the faculty of the college and leaders of the denomination had known for some time that, unless a financial miracle took place, the institution was doomed. The offer of the asylum trustees had forced immediate action, that was all.

Drawn humbly back behind the others was a plain-featured little man with thin, red hair and a shy, awkward manner. He remained silent throughout the discussion, his bright, spectacled eyes fixed on the gabled and turreted roof of the college, plainly seen through the church window.

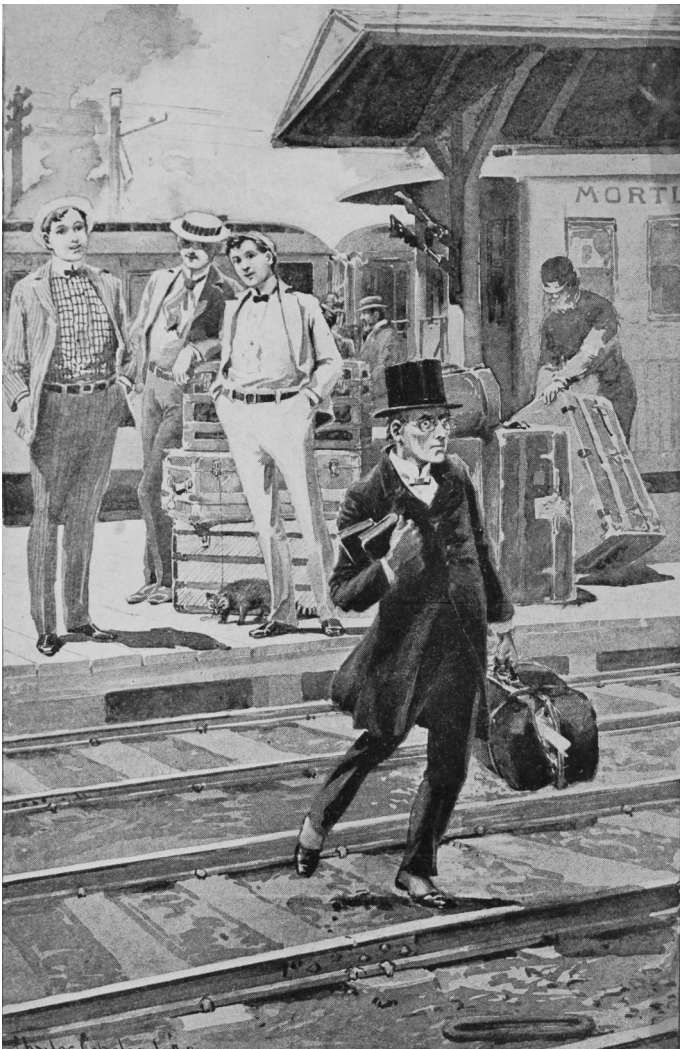


Figure 18.1: Professor Pinley crosses the rail tracks. Illustration by Charles Copeland, in: Lee, F. (1899, frontispiece).

For a dozen years, first as pupil, then as teacher, Trevor had been to this lonely little man the center of his hopes, ambition and effort. He felt that he owed to her the best that was in him; he paid the debt with an entirety of consecration that had been a potent factor in the college's struggle for existence. He had done two men's work for less than the salary of one, surrendering even that pittance to Trevor's need during the year past, and supporting himself in other ways.

The chairman of the meeting, himself a former teacher in the college, looked toward the little man several times as the lengthening pauses told that the discussion was nearly over. At last he said gently:

"Mr. Pinley, have you anything to say before I put the final motion?"

The question roused the little teacher from a vision of a shy, shabbily-dressed boy standing in the shadow of Trevor and thinking it the grandest building in the world. He rose eagerly to his feet.

"Is there nothing –" at the sound of his own voice all eagerness seemed quenched by self-distrust, and he stammered pitifully, "– has anything – everything – every possible effort been made to sustain the college?"

The white-haired, noble-looking chairman said even more gently than he had spoken before, "Surely, my dear brother, no one better knows what efforts have been made than yourself."

Professor Pinley's eyes wandered again to the turreted roof. He longed to tell of what Trevor had done for him – for others – what a center of beneficent influence it had been. The words would not come.

"God bless the dear old school!" he muttered, at last; "I cannot even speak for her."

There was a long pause and the chairman rose. "Gentlemen, are

you ready for the question?" Another moment of silence. "It has been moved and seconded that we accept the offer made by the trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. All in favor will say 'Aye.'"

"Aye!"

Almost a unanimous vote. The little professor alone sat silent, his head resting on his hand.

[...]

The last lingerers of the ministerial body left the church and the sexton made haste to close and lock the doors, for it was past noon and he was getting hungry.

The chairman, whose tall, erect figure and alert step gave the lie to his white hair, came out arm in arm with the little professor.

"I want a talk with you, Walter, before I leave," he said. "Expect me at your lodgings by three."

"Very well, doctor, very well," said the little man, politely returning the other's salute. He made many absent-minded pauses as he went up the sidewalk, once stopping in the middle of a street crossing to gaze fixedly at the college which stood at the head of the avenue.

With the sure knowledge that old Trevor's work was done, his prayers for her unanswered, his hopes for her ended, he felt confused, bewildered, bereaved.

A wagon, loaded with corn, came down the street behind him, its driver gazing as earnestly and full as absent-mindedly at the same object on which the professor's eyes were fixed. The shout of a bystander roused them both: the youth jerked his horses aside just in time to prevent them from walking over the unconscious figure on the crossing.

"Look out there! "he cried, angrily, "The middle of the street's no place to stand mooning in."

The little professor moved briskly out of the way. "Very true," he said, looking mildly up at the angry driver and lifting his hat. "Very true. I beg your pardon."

His eyes were very bright if they were near-sighted and something in their expression made Robert Goodwin ashamed of his gruffness. He drove on down the side street to the entrance of Harris & Taylor's feed department, and hailing a man who stood in the doorway announced that he had brought a load of corn from A. T. Britton.

"All right, drive up on the scales yonder. Got a new suit, haven't you?"

Goodwin took no notice of the taunt; he was used to it, though his sullen face may have grown a trifle more sullen. He worked doggedly at unloading the corn, and when the job was completed took off his coat, shook it, and brushed his hat and trousers off with his handkerchief.

"Thirty bushels, good measure," said the attendant, checking off the amount. "That makes two hundred bushels from A. T. Does the old man want a check?"

"He gave me an order for the money," said Goodwin, "but I am going up to the college now. I'll get it as I come back."

"College!" said the clerk; "are you going to college?"

"Is there any law to hinder?" said the youth, turning on him fiercely.

"Oh, no offence," laughed the clerk, who was really a good-natured fellow; "but if you're thinking of old Trevor, you are several hours too late. They're going to give it up and sell the buildings. Why, I'm telling you the truth, Man!"

Goodwin had turned with a scornful gesture of unbelief and was already half a block away. It could not be true that just as he had saved money enough to pay for his first term at college, the opportunity was to fail him.

Yet, as he walked hurriedly on, he remembered hearing rumors of this before. So absorbed had he been in his purpose, so much aloof had he held himself from any companionship save that of his few beloved books, that the rumors had left only the vaguest impression. Now every step he took made it plainer to him that the reports were true.

For a second time he nearly ran over Professor Pinley at the entrance to the college campus, and addressed him without any preliminary salutation. "Is it true that the college is to be sold?"

"Quite true," said Mr. Pinley, at once recognizing the lad who had spoken to him so rudely. At once, too, he recognized something else. "Were you intending to enter Trevor?" he asked.

"I have been working and saving to do it for nearly two years."

"Ah!" said the little professor. "I am sorry for your disappointment. But the State University is not very far away, or the Methodist college at Brysville. Is it not rather late in the term to begin?"

"Yes. I only hoped to get started for the fall term. As to the State University, or Brysville, the living at either place costs more than I can afford. Here I could still have remained with Mr. Britton and earned my board by working evenings and Saturdays."

There was one sure way to put Walter Pinley at his ease, and that was to be called upon for either help or sympathy. In the few sentences that passed between them, Goodwin revealed more of the longing which possessed his lonely life than any human ear had heard before.

"I am truly sorry for your disappointment," the professor repeated, "but don't be discouraged. I cannot believe that God put such a strong desire for learning into your heart unless he meant to gratify it sooner or later."

He took out a small note-book. "If you will give me your full name and address, perhaps I may be able to be of service sometime."

"I can make my own way, thank you," said Robert, with his usual sullen pride, "only it will be longer before I can begin." He gave his address, however, and returned dejectedly to his team.

"Poor fellow!" thought Professor Pinley, "poor fellow!" He knew well, none better, what it was to have that consuming desire for an education, without the means to secure it. Then he fell to thinking of his beloved college again and went to his lodgings almost as dejected as Robert.

Thither, as he had promised, came Dr. Farwell and another gentleman whom he introduced as Professor Needham.

"Professor Needham is one of us at Meridien, whither he returns this evening. You will pardon my plunging at once into business, Walter, but before he leaves I want to ask, what are you going to do?"

He had been Mr. Pinley's tutor in former years, and the relations between them were familiar and affectionate.

"I – I – don't know," stammered the little man. "In truth, doctor, I am like a limpet torn from the rock –" too confused by the change to think of much else."

"Then we want you at Meridien – if you will come," said Dr. Farwell, promptly. "The place is very different from the position you filled here, Walter, I tell you frankly, and the salary not large, but there is a fine opportunity for work."

At the mention of work, the little professor pricked up his ears.

Continuing, Dr. Farwell explained that the assistant in his own preparatory department – he was principal of a large academy – had been offered a much better situation in the West, provided he could enter upon his new duties at once.

"He did not like to leave us so near commencement, but if I can get you to fill his place there need be no further hesitation. Will you go? and will you be ready to go with me in the morning?"

Go he would and gladly, Mr. Pinley said; but he could scarcely be ready by morning. He had been treasurer of the college funds; there were accounts to settle and his books to pack. He would follow them in two days.

"I wish he could have gone down with one or the other of us," Dr. Farwell confided to his companion, when they were again on the street. "Pinley is like a child in some things, and sharp as a tack in others – just the man to be actually heroic, or taken in by the most barefaced swindle."

"Not very prepossessing in appearance," said Mr. Needham, himself a large and handsome man.

"Wait till you know him. It's the old story of the singed cat. We are to be congratulated; and the sooner he gets to work the better for him. Until he does, he'll mourn his heart out for old Trevor."

Meanwhile, the little professor, morbidly sensitive to his physical deficiencies, and shrinking with nervous dread from new conditions, new surroundings, new faces, had knelt before his old easy chair and was praying as simply as a child.

Chapter 19

The Old Professor, in Sheila E. Braine's *The Princess of Hearts* (1899)

This story tells of the forgotten life of Joan of Hearts—sister of Jack, and daughter of the King and Queen of Hearts. It is a comment on womens' place in court, but also upon women, society, and history more generally, along the way dismissing existing frameworks of expertise, and mocking educational practices. The professor here is a teacher, rather than an academic, although is shown to be part of a wider continuum of experts, none of whom deserve respect. There is casual use of problematic language within this excerpt which demonstrates why much Victorian literature is not suitable for uncritical reading with present day-children, or that material should be sensitively edited if repackaged for a modern childhood audience.

Sheila E. Braine was a London-based author who wrote many books for children as well as newspaper and magazine columns, and poems and stories printed in periodicals and annuals. She is best known for her article 'London's Clubs for Women' published in 1902.

NOW IT IS NOT generally known that the King and Queen of Hearts had, besides their son Jack, a lovely little daughter named Joan. The history-books say very little about her, partly because she never ascended the throne, and principally because the historians wanted all the space they could get to chronicle the deeds of His Highness the Crown Prince, his strange illness and wonderful recovery. Not that they knew all the ins and outs of that, by the way! How should they, in sooth, poor blind bats, sitting with their noses in the ink-pots, and their backs turned to the beautiful sunlight? The chief historian, moreover, was nearly a hundred years old, with a beard so long that he had to tuck it into his girdle when he wrote, to keep it out of the dust. He always stuffed his ancient ears with cotton-wool, not to hear more than one side of a question, which he said was upsetting to a literary man.

The Maid of Hearts could have told the historians a good deal, but then they had never dreamed of asking her. What had a girl, even a royal girl entitled to H. R. H. before her name, to do with history? Which shows that none of them knew what they were talking about. All girls are important: though some girls are more important than others.

[...]

The Princess was very carefully educated, you may be sure of that. Up to her fifth year no one was permitted to speak to her in words of more than one syllable. After her fifth birthday words of two syllables were sanctioned, after her eight, words of three. It being contrary to etiquette to catechize a person of royal birth, the following notice was posted up in the school-room, for the guidance of teachers: –

"Never ask her Highness any question upon any subject whatever."

One poor, doddering old professor, very learned, but with a head like a billiard-ball, forgot this and inquired one day sportively:

"What are little girls made of?"

He was promptly dismissed, and of course lost all of his private pupils too.

Special maps were prepared for the Princess: maps with all un-

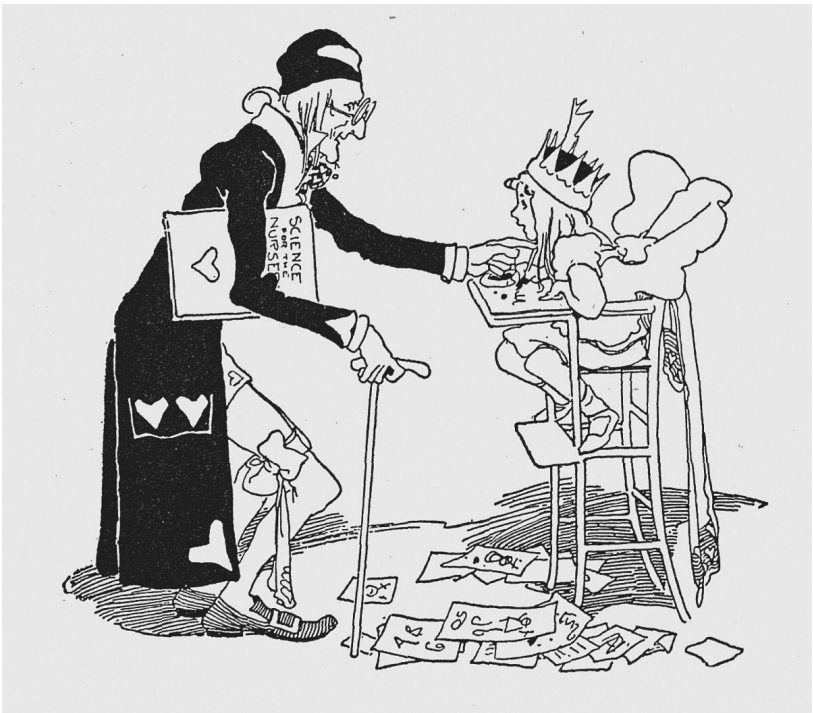


Figure 19.1: The elderly professor fails at Science for the Nursery. Illustration by Alice B. Woodward, in: Braine (1899, p. 24).

necessary and tiresome places left out, and her piano had only the white keys, so that she need not be harassed with sharps and flats. It will be seen that Joan travelled along the Royal Road to Learning, which some people declare does not exist at all. Needless to say that her teachers combined in asserting that there never was such a clever child. No other pupils shared the Princess's studies, but she was allowed to have her dolls with her. Twenty-five consequently, from queenly Araminta down to little black-faced Sambo, were educated in the royal school-room; Joan being invariably at the top of the class, though, being of a kind disposition, she did her best to encourage the rest. But none of them, alas! took naturally to learning not even Paulina Mary, who had a sweetly intelligent expression.

"But I am sure they listen most attentively," said Joan consolingly to her professors.

Chapter 20

The Learned Professor, in Louis Wain's *Pussies and Puppies* (1899)

Louis Wain (1860-1939) was a well-known English artist who popularised anthropomorphic drawings of cats and kittens in a series of cartoons, children's books, and best-selling annuals (Parkin 2004). Parodying human behaviour and the fashions of the day, these wide-eyed animals were very popular in the Victorian period, in both Britain and America.

This stand-alone illustration is one of his rarer depictions of dogs, raising issues of inheritance, and nature versus nurture, as well as nepotism in the academy, while reinforcing the notion of academics as bespectacled geeks.

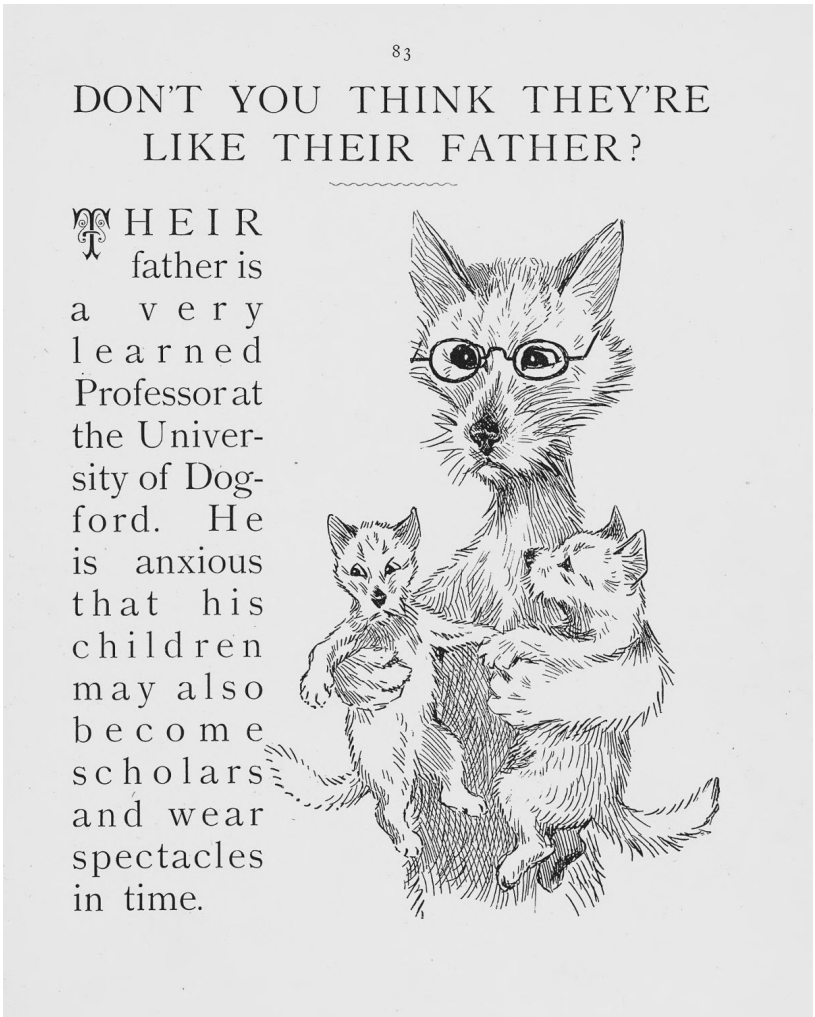


Figure 20.1: Nepotism at work. Text and illustration by Louis Wain (1899, p. 83).

Chapter 21

Professor Kroks, in G. Dirks and R. K. Munkittrick's *Bugville Life for Big and Little Folk* (1902)

This cheerful ditty about a music teacher's repertoire is shocking to modern readers as it displays the casual racism prevalent in much of Victorian children's literature. Appearing in a book from a New York publishing house, it reflects the American use of 'professor' for teacher, but it also foregrounds the racial divisions in American society, and highlights our changing perceptions of acceptable language around race, particularly as the racial slur is juxtaposed with the bucolic.

The illustrator, Gus Dirks, was the brother of the noted American comic strip artist Rudolph Dirks (Marschall 1997, p. 53), specialising in anthropomorphic insect cartoons (Lambiek Comiclopedia 2018).

The verse was written by R. K. Munkittrick, a writer and editor who worked alongside Dirks on the weekly satirical magazine *Judge* (Jay 2017).

COON SONGS IN BUGVILLE.

Won't you teach me some coon songs, professor,
Ere you flit from this garden aglow?
All the critical bugs are aweary
Of these ancient spring songs, don't you know.

Figure 21.1: A little songbird consults the vocal instructor (Dirks and Munkittrick 1902, p. 38).

Chapter 22

Professor Bumphead, in Cecil Starr Johns' *The Fairies' Annual* (1905)

The pervasive mocking of academic expertise begins—or is built into—children's literature from an early stage. Here we have a short story from an anthology of tales set in Fairyland (Johns 1905), which evidently has its own higher education professionals, mocked using the public structures of academia which were emerging within the Victorian period, such as learned societies and public lectures.

Cecil Starr Johns was a London-based author, best known for his coming of age war tale, *Victor Victorious* (1915).

FOR THE BENEFIT of those of our readers who were unable to attend Professor Bumphead's lecture at the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Inanimate Objects, we publish his lecture word for word as he gave it.

Those who remember his famous poem, "The Pensive Pear," will doubtless enjoy his latest, "The Weary Windmill," which he delivered with all the wonderful elocutionary art for which, amongst other things, he is justly renowned.

Professor Bumphead's Lecture

My Fairy Friends, – We, who are gathered together to-night, have, I trust, the same object at heart to alleviate the miseries of Inanimate Objects. Perhaps I, in the position I hold as President of this Society, have no right to say anything savouring of conceit, yet I must affirm that our object is one which reflects only honour upon us. Our work, which is one of Love, sheds glory and dignity upon the Fairy Race.

To alleviate misery is the noblest work that any one can do, and the misery of inanimate objects is immense, enormous, gigantic, unfathomable, unthinkable and sad. So far we have discovered few ways by means of which we can lessen that misery; but one of them, perhaps the most important as well as the easiest, is always with us: I mean the power of speech. A few well-chosen words addressed to a gate-post, flower-pot, bottle, or any other inanimate object, will cheer its heart and encourage it to get through the terrible monotony of its existence. Many of us pass, day after day, one or another of these poor sufferers, yet how few of us ever give it a thought, much less a word or smile.

I am pleased to say, however, that since this Society started I have observed a distinct improvement, a large stride in the right direction. A case that came under my own observation will illustrate the truth of my statement.

A Pergola stood alone in a garden through which I was in the habit of passing. It was of considerable age, and had lost a great number of its bones through bad weather and other causes. It was dejected, woebegone, forlorn and unhappy. I did my best to cheer it up; but with poor success I am afraid. Then one day a goblin ran up to it, and throwing his arms round it said:

"Oh, Pergola dear, let me climb you, for I am in love with a sweet caterpillar, and I've the end of your arm as a trysting place."

So up the Pergola went Mr. Goblin, and soon afterwards Miss Caterpillar followed. I witnessed a transformation. The Pergola carrying the two lovers began to lose its dejected look, the whole appearance of its body changed; it became younger, more vigorous, and as I came away it was dancing merrily – happy, no doubt, at last. Just the knowledge that love nestled in its branches had effected the rejuvenation.

With that example I will close my lecture for this evening and read to you a small poem I wrote, which I hope is appropriate to the cause we have so much at heart.

The Weary Windmill

Wonderful Whirligigs, Whispering Wind, As you pass cast a look behind, There you will see on top of the hill Weary wings of the White Windmill.

Figure 22.1: The professor's fascinating lecture. Illustrator unknown (perhaps the author), from Johns (1905, p. 31).

Dear delicate Daylight as you dance past Try to think of the Windmill's woes, That every hour is just like the last, And years drag by with leaden toes.

Oh, perfect Perfume of pale pink phlowers Cast in the air your scent of rose, Let is ascend through the wearying hours, So refreshing the Windmill's nose.

Oh faithful Fairies! Oh Butterflies, Birds, Cast as you fly some cheering words, If it's only "Hullo!" or "You here still?"

Cheer the Heart of the White Windmill.

Chapter 23

Professor De Lara, in E. Nesbit's *The Twopenny Spell* (1905)

This short story by the renowned English author and poet E. Nesbit continues the tradition of professor as showman, magician, and trickster. The authorities here—both the male professor and female headteacher—interact directly with the children, without parental knowledge or intervention, hinting at an unexplored, complex adult world of consequences and responsibility for one's actions. The 'social magic' invoked is a disruptor, but also responsible for rebalancing the sibling's relationship in the long term.

LUCY WAS a very good little girl indeed, and Harry was not so bad—for a boy, though the grown-ups called him a limb! They both got on very well at school, and were not wholly unloved at home. Perhaps Lucy was a bit of a muff, and Harry was certainly very rude to call her one, but she need not have replied by calling him a "beast." I think she did it partly to show him that she was not quite so much of a muff as he thought, and partly because she was naturally annoyed at being buried up to her waist in the ground among the gooseberry-bushes. She got into the hole Harry had dug because he said it might make her grow, and then he suddenly shovelled down a heap of earth and stamped it down so that she could not move. She began to cry, then he said "muff" and she said "beast," and he went away and left her "planted there," as the French people say. And she cried more than ever, and tried to dig herself out, and couldn't, and although she was naturally such a gentle child, she would have stamped with rage, only she couldn't get her feet out to do it. Then she screamed, and her Uncle Richard came and dug her out, and said it was a shame, and gave her twopence to spend as she liked. So she got nurse to clean the gooseberry ground off her, and when she was cleaned she went out to spend the twopence. She was allowed to go alone, because the shops were only a little way off on the same side of the road, so there was no danger from crossings.

"I'll spend every penny of it on myself," said Lucy savagely; "Harry shan't have a bit, unless I could think of something he wouldn't like, and then I'd get it and put it in his bread and milk!" She had never felt quite so spiteful before, but, then, Harry had never before been quite so aggravating.

She walked slowly along by the shops, wishing she could think of something that Harry hated; she herself hated worms, but Harry

didn't mind them. Boys are so odd.

Suddenly she saw a shop she had never noticed before. The window was quite full of flowers—roses, lilies, violets, pinks, pansies—everything you can think of, growing in a tangled heap, as you see them in an old garden in July.

She looked for the name over the shop. Instead of being somebody or other, Florist, it was "Doloro de Lara, Professor of white and black Magic," and in the window was a large card, framed and glazed. It said:

ENCHANTMENTS DONE WHILE YOU WAIT.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CHARM
CAREFULLY AND COMPETENTLY WORKED.
STRONG SPELLS FROM FIFTY GUINEAS
TO TUPENCE.
WE SUIT ALL PURSES.
GIVE US A TRIAL.
BEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE.
COMPETITION DEFIED.

Lucy read this with her thumb in her mouth. It was the tuppence that attracted her; she had never bought a spell, and even a tuppenny one would be something new.

"It's some sort of conjuring trick, I suppose," she thought, "and I'll never let Harry see how it's done—never, never, never!"

She went in. The shop was just as flowery, and bowery, and red-rosy, and white-lilyish inside as out, and the colour and the scent almost took her breath away. A thin, dark, unpleasing gentleman suddenly popped out of a bower of flowering nightshade, and said:

"And what can we do for you to-day, miss?"

"I want a spell, if you please," said Lucy; "the best you can do for tuppence."

"Is that all you've got?" said he.

"Yes," said Lucy.

"Well, you can't expect much of a spell for that," said he; "however, it's better that I should have the tuppence than that you should; you see that, of course. Now, what would you like? We can do you a nice little spell at sixpence that'll make it always jam for tea. And I've another article at eighteenpence that'll make the grown-ups always think you're good even if you're not; and at half a crown —"

"I've only got tuppence."

"Well," he said crossly, "there's only one spell at that price, and that's really a tuppenny-halfpenny one; but we'll say tuppence. I can make you like somebody else, and somebody else like you."

"Thank you," said Lucy; "I like most people, and everybody likes me."

"I don't mean that" he said. "Isn't there someone you'd like to hurt if you were as strong as they are, and they were as weak as you?"

"Yes," said Lucy in a guilty whisper. "Then hand over your tuppence," said the dark gentleman, "and it's a bargain."

He snatched the coppers warm from her hand.

"Now," he said, "to-morrow morning you'll be as strong as Harry, and he'll be little and weak like you. Then you can hurt him as much as you like, and he won't be able to hurt back."

"Oh!" said Lucy; "but I'm not sure I want I think I'd like to change the spell, please." "No goods exchanged," he said crossly; "you've got what you asked for."

"Thank you," said Lucy doubtfully, "but how am I —?"

Figure 23.1: Would you trust your daughter with this man? Illustration by Charles E. Brock, from Nesbit (1905. p. 170).

"It's entirely self-adjusting," said nasty Mr. Doloro. "No previous experience required."

"Thank you very much," said Lucy. "Good —" She was going to say "good-morning," but it turned into "good gracious," because she was so very much astonished. For, without a moment's warning, the flower-shop had turned into the sweet-shop that she knew so well, and nasty Mr. Doloro had turned into the sweet-woman, who was asking what she wanted, to which, of course, as she had spent her twopence, the answer was "Nothing." She was already sorry that she had spent it, and in such a way, and she was sorrier still when she got home, and Harry owned handsomely that he was sorry he had planted her out, but he really hadn't thought she was such a little idiot, and he was sorry—so there! This touched Lucy's heart, and she felt more than ever that she had not laid out her tuppence to the best advantage. She tried to warn Harry of what was to happen in the morning, but he only said, "Don't yarn; Billson Minor's coming for cricket. You can field if you like." Lucy didn't like, but it seemed the only thing she could do to show that she accepted in a proper spirit her brother's apology about the planting out. So she fielded gloomily and ineffectively.

Next morning Harry got up in good time, folded up his nightshirt, and made his room so tidy that the housemaid nearly had a surprise-fit when she went in. He crept downstairs like a mouse, and learned his lessons before breakfast. Lucy, on the other hand, got up so late that it was only by dressing hastily that she had time to prepare a thoroughly good booby-trap before she slid down the banisters just as the breakfast-bell rang. She was first in the room, so she was able to put a little salt in all the tea-cups before anyone else came in. Fresh tea was made, and Harry was blamed. Lucy said, "I did it," but no one believed her. They said she was a noble, unselfish sister to try and

shield her naughty brother, and Harry burst into floods of tears when she kicked him under the table; she hated herself for doing this, but somehow it seemed impossible to do anything else.

Harry cried nearly all the way to school, while Lucy insisted on sliding along all the gutters and dragging Harry after her. She bought a catapult at the toy-shop and a pennyworth of tintacks at the oil-shop, both on credit, and as Lucy had never asked for credit before, she got it.

At the top of Blackheath Village they separated—Harry went back to his school, which is at the other side of the station, and Lucy went on to the High School.

The Blackheath High School has a large and beautiful hall, with a staircase leading down into it like a staircase in a picture, and at the other end of the hall is a big statue of a beautiful lady. The High School mistresses call her Venus, but I don't really believe that is her name.

Lucy—good, gentle, little Lucy, beloved by her form mistress and respected by all the school—sat on those steps—I don't know why no one caught her—and used her catapult to throw ink pellets (you know what they are, of course) with her catapult at the beautiful white statue-lady, till the Venus—if that is her name, which I doubt—was all over black spots, like a Dalmation or carriage dog.

Then she went into her class room and arranged tintacks, with the business end up, on all the desks and seats, an act fraught with gloomy returns to Blossoma Rand and Wilhelmina Marguerite Asterisk. Another booby-trap—a dictionary, a pot of water, three pieces of chalk, and a handful of torn paper—was hastily sketched above the door. Three other little girls looked on in open-mouthed appreciation. I do not wish to shock you, so I will not tell you about the complete success of the booby-trap, nor of the bloodthirsty fight between Lucy

and Bertha Kaurter in a secluded fives-court during rec. Dora Spielman and Gertrude Rook were agitated seconds. It was Lucy's form mistress, the adored Miss Harter Larke, who interrupted the fight at the fifth round, and led the blood-stained culprits into the hall and up the beautiful picture-like steps to the Headmistress's room.

The Head of the Blackheath High School has all the subtle generalship of the Head in Mr. Kipling's "Stalky." She has also a manner which subdues parents and children alike to "what she works in, like the dyer's hand." Anyone less clever would have expelled the luckless Lucy—saddled with her brother's boy-nature—on such evidence as was now brought forward. Not so the Blackheath Head. She reserved judgment, the most terrible of all things for a culprit, by the way, who thought it over for an hour and a half in the mistress's room, and she privately wrote a note to Lucy's mother, gently hinting that Lucy was not quite herself: might be sickening for something. Perhaps she had better be kept at home for a day or two. Lucy went home, and on the way upset a bicycle with a little girl on it, and came off best in a heated physical argument with a baker's boy.

Harry, meanwhile, had dried his tears, and gone to school. He knew his lessons, which was a strange and pleasing thing, and roused in his master hopes destined to be firmly and thoroughly crushed in the near future. But when he had emerged triumphantly from morning school he suddenly found his head being punched by Simpkins Minor, on the ground that he, Harry, had been showing off. The punching was scientific and irresistible. Harry, indeed, did not try to resist; in floods of tears and with uncontrolled emotion he implored Simpkins Minor to let him alone, and not be a brute. Then Simpkins Minor kicked him, and several other nice little boy-friends of his joined the glad throng, and it became quite a kicking party. So that

when Harry and Lucy met at the corner of Wemyss Road his face was almost unrecognisable, while Lucy looked as happy as a king, and as proud as a peacock.

"What's up?" asked Lucy briskly.

"Every single boy in the school has kicked me," said Harry in flat accents. "I wish I was dead."

"So do I," said Lucy cheerily; "I think I'm going to be expelled. I should be quite certain, only my booby-trap came down on Bessie Jayne's head instead of Miss Whatshername's, and Bessie's no sneak, though she has got a lump like an ostrich's egg on her forehead, and soaked through as well. But I think I'm certain to be expelled."

"I wish I was," said Harry, weeping with heartfelt emotion. "I don't know what's the matter with me; I feel all wrong inside. Do you think you can turn into things just by reading them? Because I feel as if I was in "Sandford and Merton" or one of the books the kind clergyman lent us at the seaside."

"How awfully beastly!" said Lucy. "Now, I feel as if I didn't care tuppence whether I was expelled or not. And, I say, Harry, I feel as if I was much stronger than you. I know I could twist your arm round and then hit it like you did me the other day, and you couldn't stop me."

"Of course I couldn't! I can't stop anybody doing anything they want to do. Anybody who likes can hit me, and I can't hit back."

He began to cry again. And suddenly Lucy was really sorry. She had done this, she had degraded her happy brother to a mere milksop, just because he had happened to plant her out, and leave her planted. Remorse suddenly gripped her with tooth and claw.

"Look here," she said, "it's all my fault! Because you planted me out, and I wanted to hurt you. But now I don't. I can't make you boy-

brave again; but I'm sorry, and I'll look after you, Harry, old man! Perhaps you could disguise yourself in frocks and long hair, and come to the High School. I'd take care nobody bullied you. It isn't nice being bullied, is it?"

Harry flung his arms round her, a thing he would never have done in the public street if he had not been girlish inside at the time.

"No, it's hateful" he said. "Lucy, I'm sorry I've been such a pig to you."

Lucy put her arms round him, and they kissed each other, though it was broad daylight and they were walking down Lee Park.

The same moment the enchanter Doloro de Lara ran into them on the pavement. Lucy screamed, and Harry hit out as hard as he could.

"Look out," said he; "who are you shoving into?"

"Tut-tut," said the enchanter, putting his hat straight, "you've bust up your spell, my Lucy—child; no spells hold if you go kissing and saying you're sorry. Just keep that in mind for the future, will you?"

He vanished in the white cloud of a passing steam-motor, and Harry and Lucy were left looking at each other. And Harry was Harry and Lucy was Lucy to the very marrow of their little back-bones. They shook hands with earnest feeling.

Next day Lucy went to the High School and apologised in dust and ashes.

"I don't think I was my right self" she said to the Headmistress, who quite agreed with her, "and I never will again!"

And she never has. Harry, on the other hand, thrashed Simpkins Minor thoroughly and scientifically on the first opportunity; but he did not thrash him extravagantly: he tempered pluck with mercy.

For this is the odd thing about the whole story. Ever since the day when the tuppenny spell did its work Harry has been kinder than be-

fore and Lucy braver. I can't think why, but so it is. He no longer bullies her, and she is no longer afraid of him, and every time she does something brave for him, or he does something kind for her, they grow more and more alike, so that when they are grown up he may as well be called Lucius and she Harriett, for all the difference there will be between them.

And all the grown-ups look on and admire, and think that their incessant jawing has produced this improvement. And no one suspects the truth except the Headmistress of the High School, who has gone through the complete course of Social Magic under a better professor than Mr. Doloro de Lara; that is why she understands everything, and why she did not expel Lucy, but only admonished her. Harry is cock of his school now, and Lucy is in the sixth, and a model girl. I wish all Headmistresses learned Magic at Girton.

Chapter 24

Professor Wogglebug, in L. Frank Baum's *The Emerald City of Oz* (1910)

Professor H.M. Wogglebug, T.E. (also noted in earlier texts as 'Woggle-bug'), is a minor recurring character in L. Frank Baum's *Land of Oz* series. In the second book, *The Marvelous Land of Oz* (1904), he describes how he was 'born an ordinary Woggle-bug' (ibid., Chapter 13) and crawls into a country school house, where he finds himself transfixed by Professor Nowitall's teaching:

> Professor Nowitall is, doubtless, the most famous scholar in the land of Oz, and after a few days I began to listen to the lectures and discourses he gave his pupils. Not one of them was more attentive than the humble, unnoticed Woggle-Bug, and I acquired in this way a fund of knowledge that I will myself confess is simply marvelous. That is why I place 'T.E.' Thoroughly Educated upon my cards; for my greatest pride lies in the fact that the world cannot produce another Woggle-Bug with a tenth part of my own culture and erudition (ibid.).

Professor Nowitall magnifies the bug for a natural history lesson, and Wogglebug escapes 'still in a Highly-Magnified state and free to do as I pleased' (ibid.), eventually appointed to the 'important post of Public Educator' of Oz (ibid., Chapter 24). It is worth noting that:

> his education, being applied to a woggle-bug intellect, was not at all remarkable in this country, where everything is quite different than Oz. Yet the Woggle-Bug did not suspect this, and being, like so many other thoroughly educated persons, proud of his mental attainments, he marched along the street with an air of importance that made one wonder what great thoughts were occupying his massive brain. (Baum 1905, Chapter 1)

Wogglebug, although always courteous and polite, can also be conceited and uncaring, and Baum associates scholarship with arrogance.

In the following excerpt, from *The Emerald City of Oz* (1910), we see Dorothy and her family visiting Professor Wogglebug at his 'College of Art and Athletic Perfection' (ibid., Chapter nine). The students take pills that give knowledge without having to attend lessons, so that their time can be applied solely to athletic pursuits (which may seem a more pointed comment on American higher education now, than at the time of publication).

Wogglebug is mentioned briefly in other Oz tales: accompanying the Scarecrow, Tin Woodman, Sawhorse, and Jack Pumpkinhead in their travels around the United States in the newspaper comic strip *Queer Visitors from the Marvelous Land of Oz* (1904-5) which promoted *The Marvelous Land of Oz*; being the prosecutor in Ozma of Oz' court 'because he is so learned that no one can deceive him' (1908, Chapter 18); demon-

strating that he is an accomplished composer (*The Road to Oz*, 1909, Chapter 21); and the inventor of Square Meal Tablets which contain a six course dinner in one small pill (*The Patchwork Girl of Oz*, 1913, Chapter 11). However, by *Glinda of Oz* (1920) 'Professor Wogglebug was not a favorite outside his college, for he was very conceited and admired himself so much and displayed his cleverness and learning so constantly, that no one cared to associate with him' (Chapter 14). In later Oz books written subsequent to Baum's death, such as *The Royal Book of Oz* (Thompson 1921) or *The Wonder City of Oz* (Neill 1940), this arrogant, conceited version of the Professor is dominant.

IT DID NOT TAKE Dorothy long to establish herself in her new home, for she knew the people and the manners and customs of the Emerald City just as well as she knew the old Kansas farm.

But Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had some trouble in getting used to the finery and pomp and ceremony of Ozma's palace, and felt uneasy because they were obliged to be "dressed up" all the time. Yet every one was very courteous and kind to them and endeavored to make them happy. Ozma, especially, made much of Dorothy's relatives, for her little friend's sake, and she well knew that the awkwardness and strangeness of their new mode of life would all wear off in time.

The old people were chiefly troubled by the fact that there was no work for them to do.

"Ev'ry day is like Sunday, now," declared Aunt Em, solemnly, "and I can't say I like it. If they'd only let me do up the dishes after meals, or even sweep an' dust my own rooms, I'd be a deal happier. Henry don't know what to do with himself either, and once when he stole out an' fed the chickens Billina scolded him for letting 'em eat between meals. I never knew before what a hardship it is to be rich and have everything you want."

These complaints began to worry Dorothy; so she had a long talk with Ozma upon the subject.

"I see I must find them something to do," said the girlish Ruler of Oz, seriously. "I have been watching your uncle and aunt, and I believe they will be more contented if occupied with some light tasks. While I am considering this matter, Dorothy, you might make a trip with them through the Land of Oz, visiting some of the odd corners and introducing your relatives to some of our curious people."

"Oh, that would be fine!" exclaimed Dorothy, eagerly.

"I will give you an escort befitting your rank as a Princess," con-

tinued Ozma; "and you may go to some of the places you have not yet visited yourself, as well as some others that you know. I will mark out a plan of the trip for you and have everything in readiness for you to start to-morrow morning. Take your time, dear, and be gone as long as you wish. By the time you return I shall have found some occupation for Uncle Henry and Aunt Em that will keep them from being restless and dissatisfied."

Dorothy thanked her good friend and kissed the lovely Ruler gratefully. Then she ran to tell the joyful news to her uncle and aunt.

Next morning, after breakfast, everything was found ready for their departure.

The escort included Omby Amby, the Captain General of Ozma's army, which consisted merely of twenty-seven officers besides the Captain General. Once Omby Amby had been a private soldier—the only private in the army—but as there was never any fighting to do Ozma saw no need of a private, so she made Omby Amby the highest officer of them all. He was very tall and slim and wore a gay uniform and a fierce mustache. Yet the mustache was the only fierce thing about Omby Amby, whose nature was as gentle as that of a child.

The wonderful Wizard had asked to join the party, and with him came his friend the Shaggy Man, who was shaggy but not ragged, being dressed in fine silks with satin shags and bobtails. The Shaggy Man had shaggy whiskers and hair, but a sweet disposition and a soft, pleasant voice.

There was an open wagon, with three seats for the passengers, and the wagon was drawn by the famous wooden Sawhorse which had once been brought to life by Ozma by means of a magic powder. The Sawhorse wore wooden shoes to keep his wooden legs from wearing away, and he was strong and swift. As this curious creature was

Ozma's own favorite steed, and very popular with all the people of the Emerald City, Dorothy knew that she had been highly favored by being permitted to use the Sawhorse on her journey.

In the front seat of the wagon sat Dorothy and the Wizard. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em sat in the next seat and the Shaggy Man and Omby Amby in the third seat. Of course Toto was with the party, curled up at Dorothy's feet, and just as they were about to start, Billina came fluttering along the path and begged to be taken with them. Dorothy readily agreed, so the Yellow Hen flew up and perched herself upon the dashboard. She wore her pearl necklace and three bracelets upon each leg, in honor of the occasion.

Dorothy kissed Ozma good-bye, and all the people standing around waved their handkerchiefs, and the band in an upper balcony struck up a military march. Then the Wizard clucked to the Sawhorse and said: "Gid-dap!" and the wooden animal pranced away and drew behind him the big red wagon and all the passengers, without any effort at all. A servant threw open a gate of the palace enclosure, that they might pass out; and so, with music and shouts following them, the journey was begun.

[...]

Before long they came to a stately building that stood upon a green plain with handsome shade trees grouped here and there.

"What is that?" asked Uncle Henry.

"That," replied the Wizard, "is the Royal Athletic College of Oz, which is directed by Professor H. M. Wogglebug, T.E."

"Let's stop and make a call," suggested Dorothy.

So the Sawhorse drew up in front of the great building and they

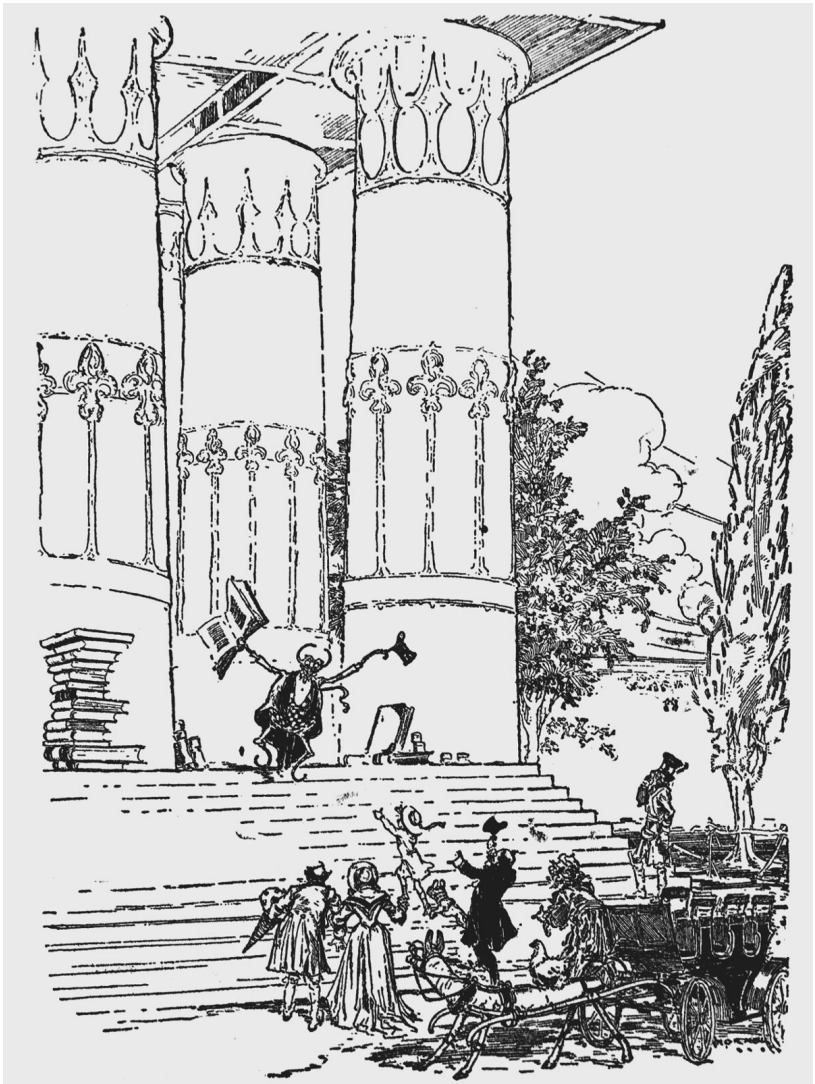


Figure 24.1: The Wogglebug greets his guests. By John R. Neill, in Baum (1910, p. 92).

were met at the door by the learned Wogglebug himself. He seemed fully as tall as the Wizard, and was dressed in a red and white checked vest and a blue swallow-tailed coat, and had yellow knee breeches and purple silk stockings upon his slender legs. A tall hat was jauntily set upon his head and he wore spectacles over his big bright eyes.

"Welcome, Dorothy," said the Wogglebug; "and welcome to all your friends. We are indeed pleased to receive you at this great Temple of Learning."

"I thought it was an Athletic College," said the Shaggy Man.

"It is, my dear sir," answered the Wogglebug, proudly. "Here it is that we teach the youth of our great land scientific College Athletics—in all their purity."

"Don't you teach them anything else?" asked Dorothy. "Don't they get any reading, writing and 'rithmetic?"

"Oh, yes; of course. They get all those, and more," returned the Professor. "But such things occupy little of their time. Please follow me and I will show you how my scholars are usually occupied. This is a class hour and they are all busy."

They followed him to a big field back of the college building, where several hundred young Ozites were at their classes. In one place they played football, in another baseball. Some played tennis, some golf; some were swimming in a big pool. Upon a river which wound through the grounds several crews in racing boats were rowing with great enthusiasm. Other groups of students played basketball and cricket, while in one place a ring was roped in to permit boxing and wrestling by the energetic youths. All the collegians seemed busy and there was much laughter and shouting.

"This college," said Professor Wogglebug, complacently, "is a great success. Its educational value is undisputed, and we are turning out

many great and valuable citizens every year."

"But when do they study?" asked Dorothy.

"Study?" said the Wogglebug, looking perplexed at the question.

"Yes; when do they get their 'rithmetic, and jogerfy, and such things?"

"Oh, they take doses of those every night and morning," was the reply.

"What do you mean by doses?" Dorothy inquired, wonderingly.

"Why, we use the newly invented School Pills, made by your friend the Wizard. These pills we have found to be very effective, and they save a lot of time. Please step this way and I will show you our Laboratory of Learning."

He led them to a room in the building where many large bottles were standing in rows upon shelves.

"These are the Algebra Pills," said the Professor, taking down one of the bottles. "One at night, on retiring, is equal to four hours of study. Here are the Geography Pills—one at night and one in the morning. In this next bottle are the Latin Pills—one three times a day. Then we have the Grammar Pills—one before each meal—and the Spelling Pills, which are taken whenever needed."

"Your scholars must have to take a lot of pills," remarked Dorothy, thoughtfully. "How do they take 'em, in applesauce?"

"No, my dear. They are sugar-coated and are quickly and easily swallowed. I believe the students would rather take the pills than study, and certainly the pills are a more effective method. You see, until these School Pills were invented we wasted a lot of time in study that may now be better employed in practicing athletics."

"Seems to me the pills are a good thing," said Omby Amby, who remembered how it used to make his head ache as a boy to study arith-

metic.

"They are, sir," declared the Wogglebug, earnestly. "They give us an advantage over all other colleges, because at no loss of time our boys become thoroughly conversant with Greek and Latin, Mathematics and Geography, Grammar and Literature. You see they are never obliged to interrupt their games to acquire the lesser branches of learning."

"It's a great invention, I'm sure," said Dorothy, looking admiringly at the Wizard, who blushed modestly at this praise.

"We live in an age of progress," announced Professor Wogglebug, pompously. "It is easier to swallow knowledge than to acquire it laboriously from books. Is it not so, my friends?"

"Some folks can swallow anything," said Aunt Em, "but to me this seems too much like taking medicine."

"Young men in college always have to take their medicine, one way or another," observed the Wizard, with a smile; "and, as our Professor says, these School Pills have proved to be a great success. One day while I was making them I happened to drop one of them, and one of Billina's chickens gobbled it up. A few minutes afterward this chick got upon a roost and recited 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck' without making a single mistake. Then it recited 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' and afterwards 'Excelsior.' You see, the chicken had eaten an Elocution Pill."

They now bade good-bye to the Professor, and thanking him for his kind reception mounted again into the red wagon and continued their journey.

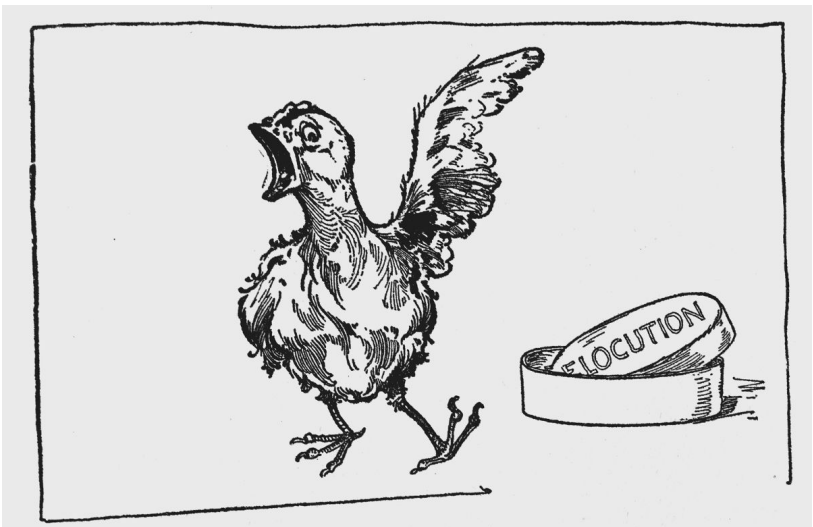


Figure 24.2: The chicken recites. Illustration by John R. Neill, in Baum (1910, p. 97).

Chapter 25

Professor Jim Crow, in David Cory's *Little Jack Rabbit's Adventures* (1921a), *Little Jack Rabbit and the Squirrel Brothers* (1921b), *Little Jack Rabbit and Danny Fox* (1921c), and *Little Jack Rabbit and Professor Crow* (1922)

There are at least fourteen books in David Cory's *Little Jack Rabbit* series, which were also a syndicated newspaper column in papers published on the east coast of the United States of America in the 1920s and early 1930s – see for example the *Nashua Telegraph* (Cory 1924) and the *Gettysburg Times* (Cory 1929).

The woodland tales describe the adventures of the young, scrappy, Little Jack Rabbit, building upon the Brer Rabbit, and anthropomorphic morality tale traditions.

Professor Jim Crow is a minor, recurrent character in the series: a schoolteacher tasked with schooling the woodland infants, providing authority and paternal guidance. However, the character is problematic: equally authoritative, baffled, eccentric, he exhibits magical thinking, in later texts is not believed, and is regularly mocked for giving advice, which is

ignored, from a large book which may not make sense. His name obviously points to the Jim Crow laws which enforced racial segregation in the southern United States, and there is a tradition of using black crows to depict racial difference in literature of the period (Lott 2013, p. 23). It is difficult to untangle the motivations and allusions to race and difference presented by this character, who is an equal (or superior) and sometimes respected part of the woodland society, but often depicted in a pejorative light.

Professor Jim Crow and his family lived in the Tall Pine Tree. "Now, Mrs. Crow," he said to his wife one morning, "as I shall be away almost all day teaching the Little People of the Shady Forest and the Sunny Meadow to read and write, you will have your hands full with the children. Be very careful, my dear, for they haven't yet learned to fly!"

"Don't worry," answered Mrs. Crow, "you have troubles enough with the schoolhouse full of children. I'll take good care that ours come to no harm."

Professor Jim Crow had been gone only a few minutes when who should call but Grandmother Magpie.

"Good morning," she said, perching on a branch near at hand so as to look into the nestful of little crows.

"I'm dreadfully busy," answered Mrs. Crow. "Now that the Professor is teaching school, I have all the care of the children. It's no easy matter, for each little crow thinks he knows how to fly."

"Well, perhaps he does!" said Grandmother Magpie. "If you don't let them try how are they ever going to learn?"

"They are not old enough," replied Mrs. Crow.

"Not old enough?" repeated that meddlesome old lady bird. "Stuff and nonsense! Of course they are!" Then off she flew, leaving Mrs. Crow dreadfully upset and the little crows very discontented.

After making sure that Grandmother Magpie was out of sight, Mrs. Crow flew over to the Sunny Meadow for worms for her hungry children, but first she told them to be careful not to fall out of the nest while she was gone.

"Botheration!" said little Jimmy Crow after a few minutes. "Every word Grandmother Magpie says is true. We are kept like prisoners in this old nest. I'm going to fly!"

"Oh, don't!" cried all his brothers and sisters. "You can't fly even across the Shady Forest Path."

"Well, then, I can walk," said the naughty little crow, and he hopped out of the nest and fluttered down to the ground.

But, Oh dear me! Just then along came the Farmer's Boy. In a twinkling, he caught poor Jimmy Crow and cut off the tips of his wing feathers with a big jack-knife.

"Now, my little black beauty, you won't fly far," he laughed, and turned his steps toward the Old Farm.

"So, you're caught, Jimmy Crow!"
Sang gay Billy Breeze,
Playing hide-and-go-seek
'Mid the tall forest trees.
"Don't you wish you'd obeyed
What your kind mother said?
But, no, you were stubborn,
And had a swelled head."

[...]

It was very late when they reached the Tall Pine Tree. The good Professor was sound asleep after a hard day's work in the Shady Forest Schoolhouse and a long search for his little lost crow. He had hunted for him until it grew so dark that he had been forced to give it up.

But Mrs. Crow was wide awake and the little crows were crying softly over their little lost brother. Disobedience makes others unhappy as well as the one who disobeys.

All of a sudden Mrs. Crow heard the gentle flap of wings, and looking over the edge of the nest, she saw Old Parson Owl in the dim moon-

light. The next moment the sight of little Jimmy Crow hopping after him made her heart go pitter-patter.

"Here's our little boy!" she cried, fluttering down to the ground, while all the little crow brothers and sisters looked over the edge of the nest, and Professor Jim Crow woke up with a start.

But, dear me! Didn't they have a dreadful time getting the little crow up in the tree. You see, he could only flutter now that his wings had been clipped, and if Old Parson Owl hadn't carried him on his broad back, I doubt if Jimmy Crow ever would have reached the nest.

By this time Mrs. Moon had crossed over the sky, and Mr. Merry Sun was getting out of bed in the gold and purple East.

The Shady Forest was beginning to awake. The birds were chirping to one another, and the Little Four-footed People were racing up and down the trees and scampering over the ground.

Parson Owl waited to see that everything was all right, and then, turning to Professor Jim Crow, said:

"If Little Jack Rabbit hadn't come to tell me that the Farmer's Boy had stolen Jimmy Crow, your little son would still be in the cage on the farmhouse porch."

"My dear Parson," said Professor Jim Crow gratefully, "I shall never forget what you and Little Jack Rabbit have done."

"Don't mention it," said the kind old Parson, hurrying back to the Big Oak Tree before the light grew too strong for his big round eyes.

Oh, children, never disobey,
And never break a rule,
And never tell what is untrue,
Nor run away from school.

Perhaps if all the little boys and girls who read this story will learn this verse, it will keep them out of trouble. If Jimmy Crow had, maybe

he never would have disobeyed his mother.

Pretty soon [the little rabbit] saw Professor Jim Crow with his little Black Book in his claw.

"Tell me, Professor Jim Crow," said the little rabbit, "what is the name of the yellowish-brown animal that chases little gray squirrels around and around the trunks of trees?"

"How big was he?" asked the wise old bird, putting on his spectacles and turning over the leaves of his little Black Book.

"Larger than the farmer's black cat," answered the little rabbit.

"Did it look something like a fox?" asked the old crow.

"Yes, he did," replied the little rabbit.

Professor Jim Crow smiled and turned to page 49. "Listen!" he said. "The Marten looks very much like a young fox about two months old. Its color is a yellowish-brown, a little darker than a yellow fox, with a number of long black hairs. It is a great climber, hunts squirrels and robs birds' nests."

Then the wise old crow closed his book and wiped his spectacles. "You have learned something to-day, little rabbit. Mother Nature's School House will teach you lots of things," and the old professor bird flew away.

[...]

Well, as soon as the little bunny was safe in the Shady Forest, he looked about him, and pretty soon, not so very long, he saw Professor Jim Crow with his little Black Book under his wing.

"Read me something, won't you please," begged the little rabbit. So the old professor bird took out his book and turned over the pages until he came to "The early worm must look out for the bird."

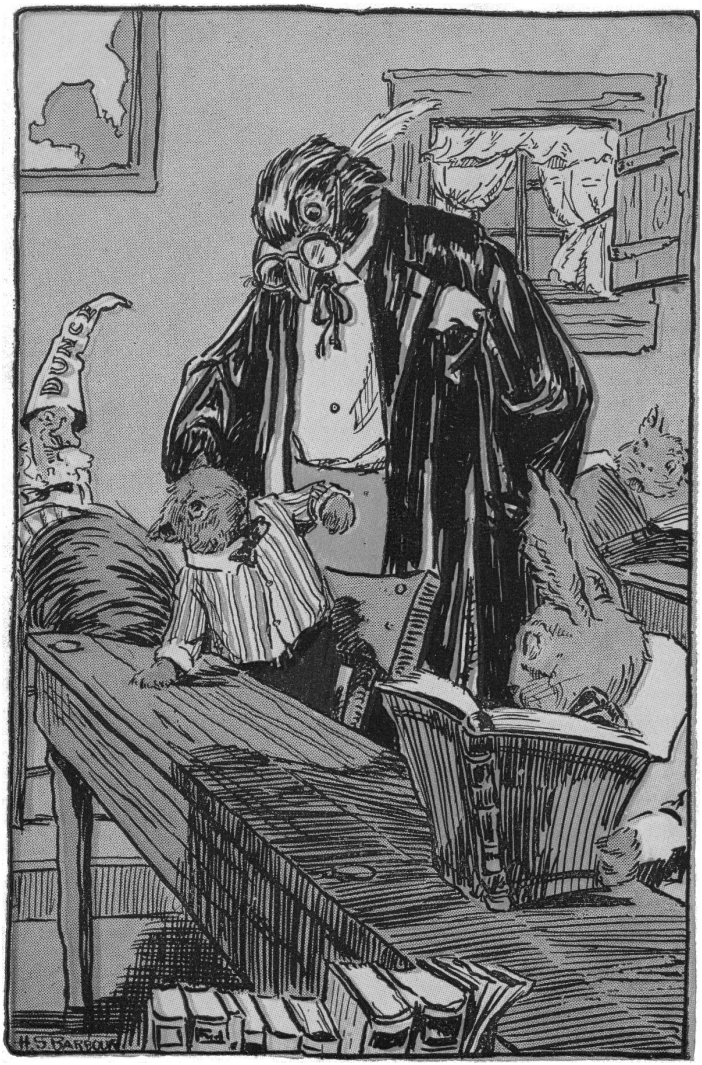


Figure 25.1: Professor Crow admonishes. Illustration by H. S. Barbour, from Cory (1921b, frontispiece, p. 14).

"Ha, ha," laughed the little rabbit. "I must tell that to mother. She always tells it the other way 'round." Then off he hopped, and the old black bird flew away to his tree in Kalamazoo. For that was the name of the little village where Professor Crow has his home, and where he taught in the grammar school arithmetic and the Golden Rule, and sometimes Latin and sometimes Greek, and anything else that a bird can speak. Goodness me, if my typewriter hasn't made up this poetry all by itself. I wonder where it went to school.

[...]

Well, by and by, after a while, he saw Old Professor Jim Crow scratching his head with his claw.

"What's the matter?" asked the little rabbit.

"I can't make out something I've written in my little Black Book," answered the old black bird, and he scratched his head again and looked dreadfully perplexed, which means worse than worried, you know.

"Let me look," said Little Jack Rabbit. And when the old blackbird had flown down from his pine tree, the little bunny leaned over his shoulder, and read: "Oh, oh, oh, Squirreltown!"

"Why, that's the Squirrel Brothers telephone number," he laughed. "So it is," said Professor Jim Crow. "I'm so glad you told me! Let's call them up!"

"'One, three, five, Chestnut Hill!'
Keep on ringing, Central, till
Some one answers, 'Hello! who
Is calling up my Bungaloo!'
"But if no one says a word;

Not a twitter from a bird,
Nor a chatter comes your way,
Call again another day."

[…]

"Where are you going, little rabbit?" [Squirrel Nutcracker] asked, and then he took a nut out of his pocket and cracked it with his sharp teeth without a bit of trouble.

"I've got a letter for mother," said Little Jack Rabbit, "and I mustn't stop to talk to any one," and he hopped along as fast as he could, for he was afraid he might lose the letter, you see. Well, pretty soon, not so very long, he came to the Old Bramble Patch, and after he had given the letter to his mother he hopped out on the Sunny Meadow, and just then, all of a sudden, Old Professor Jim Crow flew by. He had his little Black Book under his wing, and as soon as he saw the little rabbit he lighted on a bush and turned to page 23.

"Let me read you something," he said, putting on his spectacles, and after he had cawed three times and a half he began:

"Little rabbits should take care
To every morning comb their hair.
They always should be clean and neat
And keep their dispositions sweet."

And then that wise old bird looked up over his spectacles and winked at the little rabbit. "Did you comb your hair this morning?" he asked. And wasn't it lucky that Little Jack Rabbit hadn't forgotten to? Well, I just guess it was.

[…]

"Ha Ha!" Shouted Little Jack Rabbit, "Spring will soon be here." And he gave a hop, skip and jump out of the Bramble Patch, and pretty soon, not so very far, he met old Professor Jim Crow with his little Wisdom Book under his wing.

"Good morning," said the little rabbit.

"Good morning," answered that wise old bird, as he put on his spectacles. "Listen, and I'll read you something from my little Wisdom Book.

"When Winter uncovers his blanket of snow
You will see where the first little spring flowers grow."

And then Professor Jim Crow flapped his wings and flew away. And after that the little rabbit looked all around to find the little spring flowers. And then, all of a sudden, he heard a Bluebird say, "Look in the Shady Forest; there the flowers bloom early in the spring, or not at all; for when the trees are covered with leaves the forest is so shady that the flowers cannot find the sunshine."

"How much you know" said the little rabbit. "Professor Crow didn't tell me that". And then he hopped away— not the old crow, you know, but the little rabbit—as fast as he could to the Shady Forest. And pretty soon he saw a little primrose and then a little and after the a crocus.

"Ha ha!" Said the little rabbit. "Spring is here". And then Bobbie Redvest sang a song and the sweet-voiced Bluebird, and pretty soon Chippy Chipmunk came out of his winter home under the roots of the chestnut tree.

"Hello, Little Jack Rabbit, winter has gone I hope," and then the little chipmunk stretched himself, and after that he ran along the top rail of the old Rail Fence, just to try out his legs, you see.

"Goodness me," said little Jack Rabbit, "I mustn't wait another

minute. I want to see all my friends who have slept through the Winter." So he hopped away and pretty soon, not so very long, he saw Busy Beaver sitting on a log in the Forest Pool.

"Spring is here." Shouted Little Jack Rabbit.

"Guess you're right," said Busy Beaver, as he dived into the water.

[...]

In less than five hundred short seconds from the moment Little Jack Rabbit hopped out of the last story into this one, he came to the Tall Pine Tree House where Professor Jim Crow lived.

"Back again?" Cawed that wise old bird.

"Listen to this poetry in my little Wisdom Book."

So the little rabbit sat up on his hind legs and wiggled his nose three times and a half, and when he had finished the old blackbird had on his spectacles and was ready to commence:

"In the spring the wild birds sing,
The flowers nod and smile,
The Bubbling Brook with twist and crook
Flows on for many a mile,
The farmer plows his fields again
To raise potatoes, beans and grain,"

"I know that," said the little rabbit. "I saw him do it last year."

"Wait a minute," said Professor Jim Crow, "I haven't finished." And then he began again:

"And every little girl and boy
Should well each day the time employ,
And sow some kindly little seed
Or help a friendless one in need."

Figure 25.2: “What are you saying to my little bunny boy?” Illustration by H. S. Barbour, from *Little Jack Rabbit and Danny Fox* (Cory 1921c, front free endpaper).

"You see," said the wise old crow, as he closed his little Wisdom Book, "everybody must do something in this great busy world. He mustn't sit still and let the Bubbling Brook turn the Old Mill Wheel and the farmer plow the fields. Oh, my, no. Everybody must do something to help."

"That's what mother says," laughter the little rabbit." I polish the front door knob every day and feed the canary and keep the woodbox in the kitchen full of wood, and mother says after I've done that, I can have the rest of the day to myself."

"Well, I'm glad you are doing your part," said Professor Jim Crow, putting his spectacles away in the case. "If you always do what your mother says you won't go wrong." And then that wise old bird put them on again to see what Squirrel Nutcracker was doing. And what do you suppose he was up to? Well, you'll never guess, not if I gave you until the 4th of July, so I'll tell you right away. He was cracking a last year's nut, for of course, the old chestnut tree didn't have any nuts on it yet. Oh my, no. It wouldn't have any nuts on it until the autumn.

"How did you know enough to store away nuts?" Asked the little rabbit.

"Ha, ha," laughed Squirrel Nutcracker. "A feller who can't take care of himself in this world might just as well try to borrow a dollar from his mother-in-law! I don't sit still and wait for somebody to hand me a nut. No, sire. I get 'em for myself! And I didn't learn that from the Wisdom Book, either!" And after that Squirrel Nutcracker ran up the tree to ask Mrs Nutcracker if she felt any better, for she had just lost her vanity bag and was feeling very ill over it.

"Gracious me!" thought Little Jack Rabbit "I hope Professor Jim Crow didn't hear what Squirrel Nutcracker just said," and he looked anxiously up at the nice old blackbird.

"Won't you read another poem?" asked the tender-hearted little rabbit.

Wasn't that nice? For maybe the kind professor had heard the old squirrel's disagreeable remark. Then Professor Jim Crow took his Wisdom Book and said to the little bunny,

"Now listen, my dear, and you shall hear,
Something deliciously funny."

And as soon as that wise old blackbird had turned to page 23 he read:

"Early to bed and early to rise
Will help little birdies to catch worms and flies."

"Ha ha!" cried the little rabbit. "What does your little book say about me?"

"Rabbits should keep away from the rocks
On the hill near the den of old Danny Fox,"

Read Professor Jim Crow glancing over page 49 $\frac{1}{2}$. And then that wise old bird shut his book and flew away, and so did the little rabbit—I beg your pardon, I mean hopped away.

Chapter 26

Professor Branestawm, in Norman Hunter's *The Incredible Adventures of Professor Branestawm* (1933)

Professor Theophilus Branestawm is the archetypical absent-minded professor: the creator of bizarre inventions which seldom work, which pitch him into incredible adventures, with the support of his housekeeper Mrs Flittersnoop.

In a series of eleven books (the first two published in the 1930s, the other eleven published from 1970), Norman Hunter developed a popular, humorous take on eccentricity, expertise, science, and invention: the resulting success of the Branestawm series set the tone for many professors in children's literature which followed. The books have been translated into many languages, including Polish, Swedish, Italian, German, and Thai (Bell 2013, p. 204), and adapted into a range of TV and Radio series (ibid.), including adaptations for the BBC in 2014 and 2015 (BBC News 2014). In a study of books read aloud in British schools in the 1970s, they featured in the top twenty (Poole 1986).

Although the Branestawm series began over 80 years ago the influence of the character remains strong for today's young readership: 'Due to the

nostalgic tendencies of children's book production and dissemination (i.e. that it is made by the generation before its audience and parents often given books from their youth to their children), what Branestawm said about science then is largely what it says now' (Bell 2013, p. 11).

Seventy-six illustrations by W. Heath Robinson feature in the original book (which were included in subsequent editions). These illustrations went out of copyright at the end of 2014 (Rubini, per comms 2017), and although the text by Hunter is still under copyright (and no permission could be obtained to include it in either *Picture-Book Professors* or this anthology), the illustrations can therefore be included here. A selection of eight images are presented (nine including the frontispiece): together these show the lone, baffled, epitome of the absent-minded academic, the over-attention to detail, the lack of personal communication skills, the fear of interaction beyond the safety of his workshop, the love of science and invention (even if the results are rarely successful or useful), and the reliance upon his house-keeper. This exaggeration sits within the tradition of nonsense-writing: showing genius and expertise as other, curious, and slapstick, in an ambivalence towards science that draws 'on childlike images of the past while adding in new features' (Bell 2013, p. 211). It is fitting that the final professor in this anthology is the model which frames and dominates the representation of academia in children's literature in the latter 20th and early 21st century.

Figure 26.1: ‘He simply hadn’t time to think of ordinary things’. Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

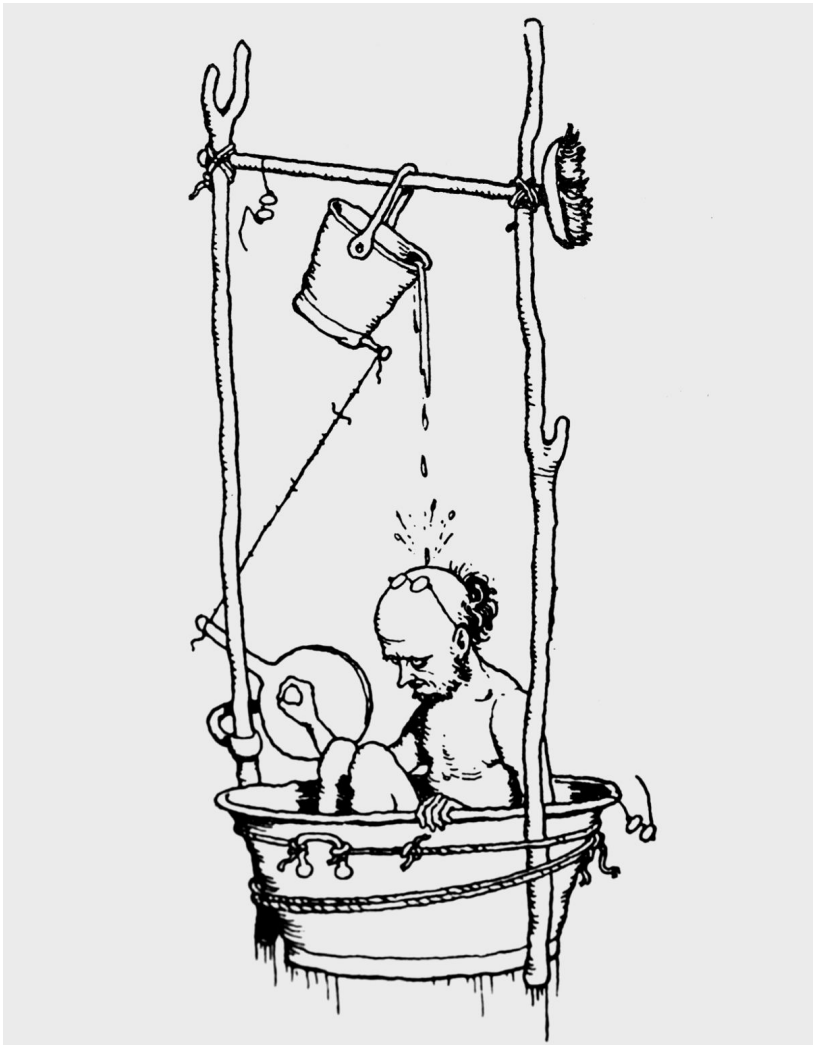


Figure 26.2: ‘The Professor’s shower bath’. Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

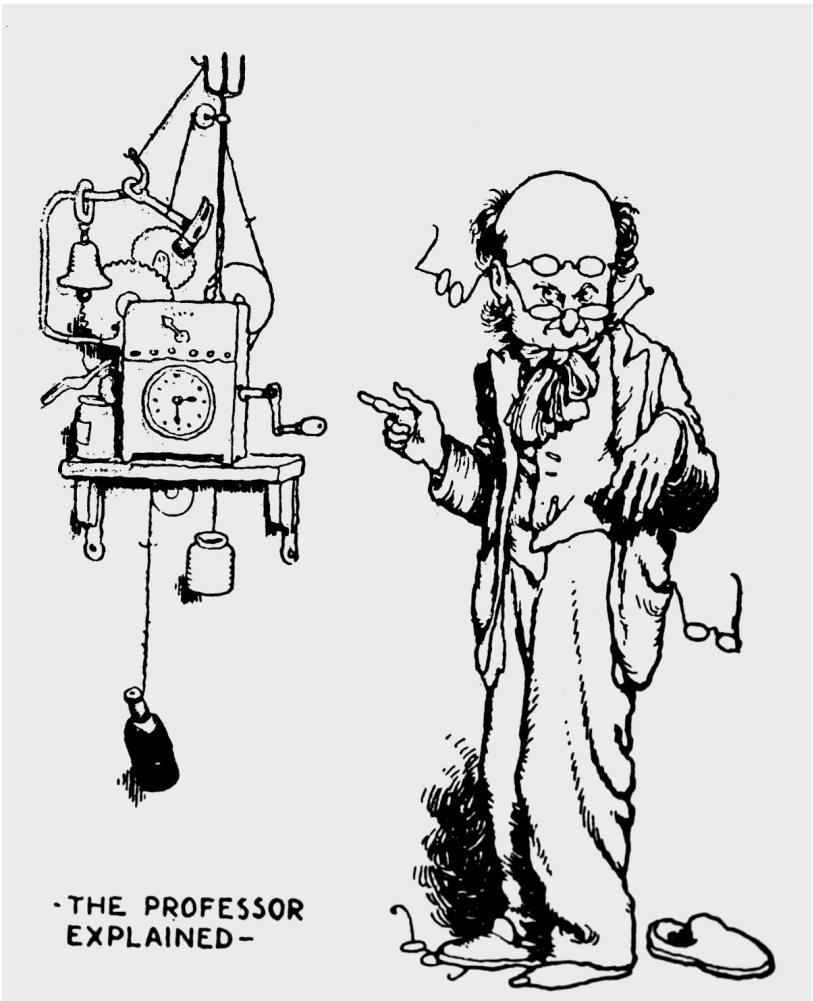


Figure 26.3: Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

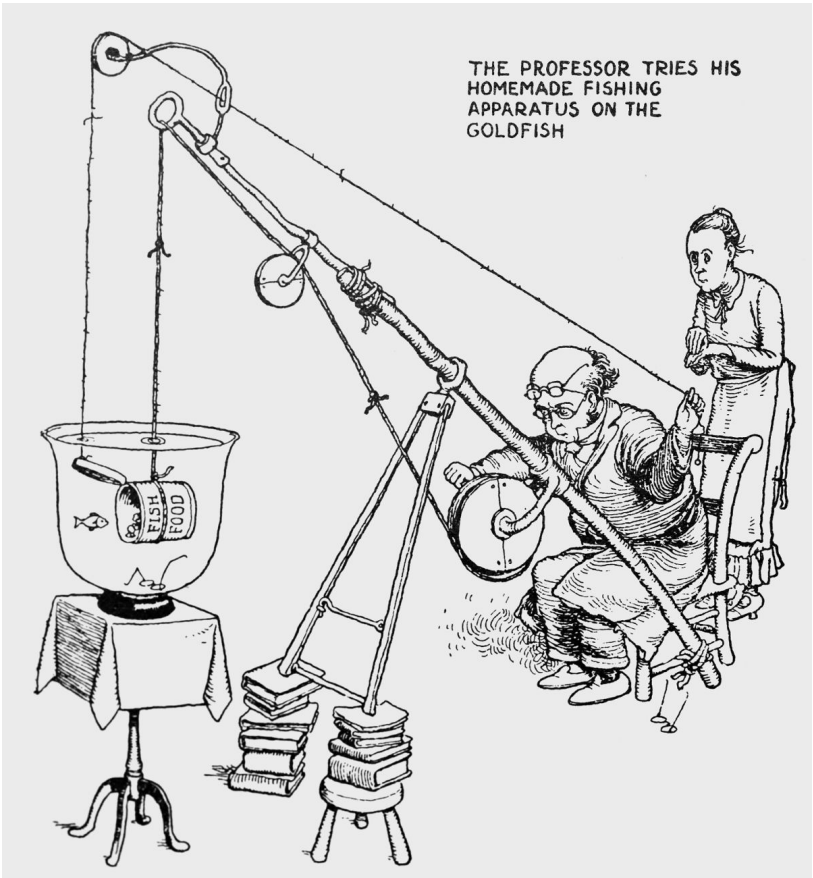


Figure 26.4: Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

Figure 26.5: Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

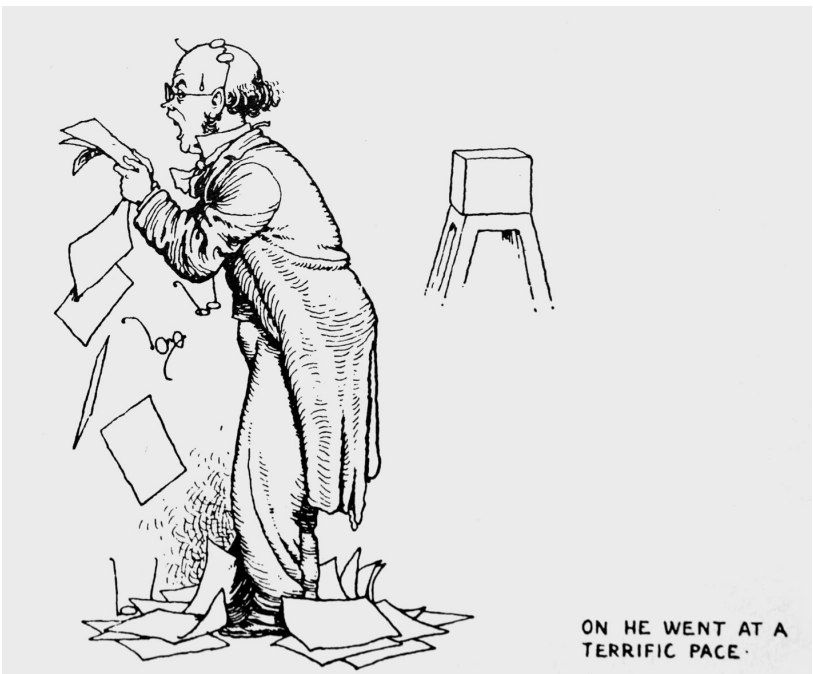


Figure 26.6: Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

Figure 26.7: Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

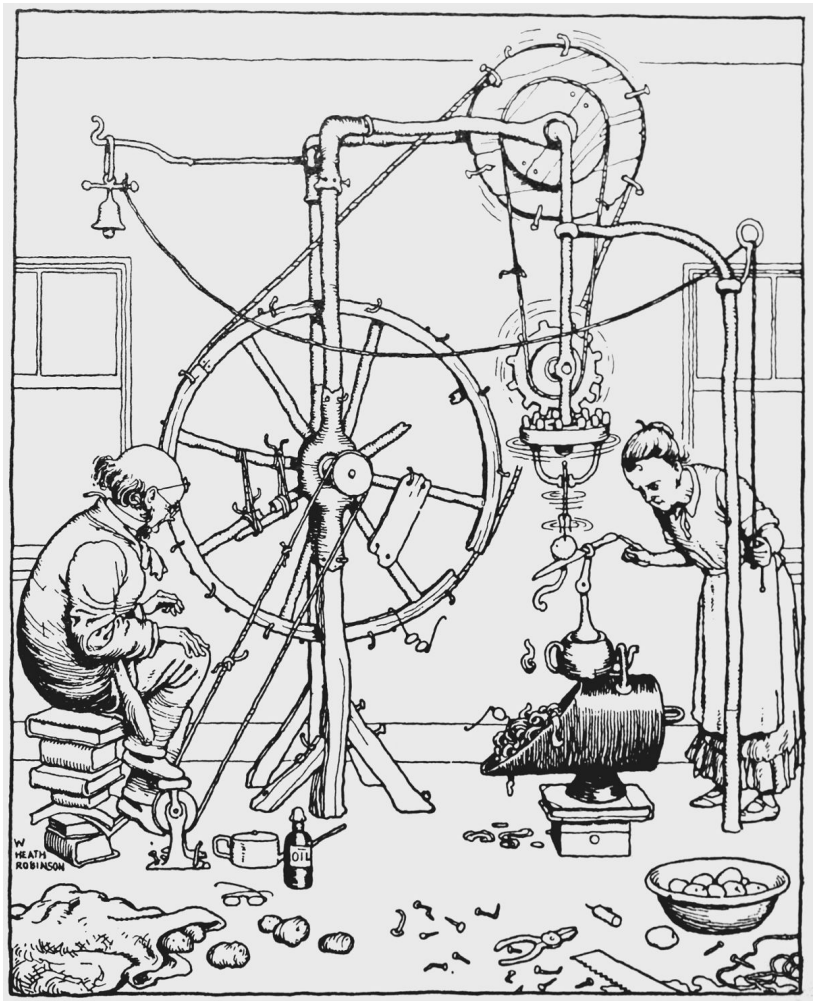


Figure 26.8: ‘Much better inventing at home (the professor’s invention for peeling potatoes)’. Illustration by W. Heath Robinson, from Hunter (1933).

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Chapter 10: From Newell (1893). **Figure 10.1:** Original in Bald-

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Chapter 11: From Herford (1893, p. 775). **Figure 11.1:** Original in Baldwin Library of Historical Children's Literature, Special and Area Studies Collections, George A. Smathers Libraries, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida. Digitised with funding from the National Endowment of the Humanities. Available at http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00065513/00272/58.

Chapter 12: In Jenks (1894, pp. 125–133), Edited from OCR of original in the New York Public Library. Digitised by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation. Available at https://archive.org/details/imaginotionstrut00jenk. **Figures 12.1 to 12.3:** Original in the New York Public Library. Digitised by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from the Microsoft Corporation. Available at https://archive.org/details/imaginotionstrut00jenk.

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Chapter 15: In Beal et al. (1896, pp. 9–11, and 13, 17, and 18–19). Original in Baldwin Library of Historical Children's Literature, Special and Area Studies Collections, George A. Smathers Libraries, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida. Digitised with funding from the National Endowment of the Humanities. Available at http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00085044/00001/21x. Transcribed by the Editor. **Figure 15.1:** Original in Baldwin Library of Historical Children's Literature, Special and Area Studies Collections, George A. Smathers Libraries, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida. Digitised with funding from the National Endowment of the Humanities. Available at http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00085044/00001/21x.

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How are professors depicted in children's literature? This anthology features twenty-six depictions of the academy in books marketed towards a young audience. Chosen from texts published between 1871 and 1933, when universities and the wider education sector were rapidly expanding, many of the texts featured here reflect societal concerns regarding science, expertise, and these new places of learning.

From the ineffectual and baffled Professor Ptthmllnsprts in Charles Kingsley's *The Water Babies* (1863) to the conceited Professor Wogglebug in Frank Baum's *The Emerald City of Oz* (1910), the image of the professor settles into the stereotype of the male, mad, muddlehead well established in Norman Hunter's *The Incredible Adventures of Professor Branestawm* (1933). The anthology draws together both well-known and rediscovered characters, indicating that the suspicion of experts and the mistrust of science has a long history that is firmly embedded in the tales we tell our children.

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